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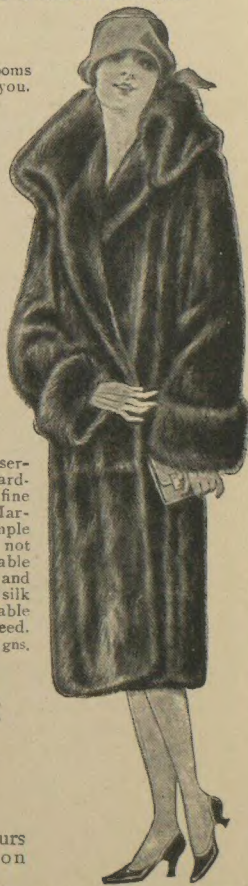
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LONDON IN A "WINTER GARMENT" OF SNOW: A MOSCOW-LIKE EFFECT ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

When the recent spell of real winter weather began, and a heavy fall of snow caused joy among tobogganers and snowballers, but mixed feelings among pedestrians on business bent, London presented an aspect that was rather suggestive of Moscow. This picturesque photograph of the Horse Guards Parade under snow

is typical of the general appearance of the city, at any rate in those localities where traffic had not turned the snow into muddy slush. In the foreground is seen a Guard crossing the parade in the direction of St. James's Park, and in the background are the Horse Guards buildings.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MANY years ago a magazine made an experiment which was really new and amusing—so new that nobody took any notice of it. There are a hundred magazines, but only about five magazine stories. When you have bought one magazine and read the story of the Chinaman, in the manner of "Mr. Wu"; and then the story of the South Sea Island, in the manner of "The Blue Lagoon"; and then the story of the love-affair with a Balkan princess, in the manner of "The Prisoner of Zenda"; and the series on the detective in what ought to be the manner of Sherlock Holmes—you have read not only one magazine, but all the rest. But every now and then a magazine editor really has a notion of his own; and I observe that this is generally not imitated or repeated. One had the bright idea of publishing a story intentionally stuffed with quiet and unobtrusive howlers, and then challenging the reader to point out these mistakes. It was quite a good game. It was a game that anybody could play at, a form that anybody could imitate; therefore it was not imitated. There are any number of historical stories and any number of mistakes, but they do not seem to be intentional. Nor will the author eagerly and gratefully give you a prize of £10 or a bicycle if you point them out.

But the magazine method to which I refer was older and odder, and even more isolated. It consisted in publishing a detective story written by a new kind of collaboration which rather resembled conflict. One writer was to invent the mystery and the other writer the solution. It was understood as a point of honour, I think, that even from the stand-point of the mystery-maker there should really be a solution. I remember that I myself had the honour of solving, or pretending to solve, a riddle of crime propounded by Mr. Max Pemberton. He undertook by a certain date to deliver a fresh, attractive corpse; and I undertook by a certain date to tell him where he had got it from. This also I think a very pleasant parlour game for the little ones; and I am a little one who sincerely wishes he could play it oftener. But I have never seen that magazine feature copied in any current magazine. I have seen any number of detective stories in which the same writer first failed to mystify and then failed to elucidate. I was never puzzled by the problem as a problem; but it is only fair to say I was sometimes a little puzzled by the explanation as an explanation. This evil obviously arises from the same literary man becoming first a criminal and then a policeman. I have often done it myself, but I do not think that is anything in its favour. Obviously his temptation is first to set himself an easy problem, and then to allow himself a far-fetched explanation. He is acting as a magistrate and capturing himself as a criminal.

In this matter, therefore, I favour the separation of the judiciary from the executive. Let the novelist with the natural taste and talent for cutting throats perform the executive function with decorum and dispatch. Let the other novelist approach the judicial function with the only true form of impartiality, which is ignorance. Let the judge say in the good old guileless fashion, "What is cutting throats?" and the barrister affably explain it to him, with illustrative gestures and gay allusions. Then, instead of each knowing too much about the other, each will give

to the other a shock of stimulating wonder. The second will be pleasantly surprised to find himself confronted with a corpse. The first will be no less genuinely surprised to find himself confronted with a gallows.

But if this method of detection by double entry, or by double effort, is not to be repeated in popular journalism, we must fall back on some other method of producing the really detached detective. And I would suggest in that case that some enterprising magazine should set the detective novelists to work on the historical detective stories. I mean the real mysteries of the past, which have much of the character of a detective story; a sort of romantic riddle. I wrote something last week about one of the most famous, or most infamous. It was the affair of the

a large pocket lens. Anyhow, I think there is really something in the notion of the romantic detective becoming a retrospective detective, and discovering his hypocrites even in the hiding-place of the grave.

For instance, I have been looking up some of them in an amusing book called "Liars and Fakers," by the author of another book called "Rogues and Scoundrels"—Mr. Philip W. Sergeant, who evidently has a vigorous taste in titles and topics. This book is published by Hutchinson, and is largely devoted to the almost ideal example of Titus Oates. Titus Oates was a man simply made for a grim and gruesome romance. I should like to see what Stevenson would have made of him. The man with the monstrous face, that had the mouth in the very middle,

and the enormous chin which thrust itself so insolently against the world, stamped himself on everybody's memory like a walking gargoyle. This man became a national hero, and walked, so to speak, in a forest of gibbets on which hundreds of better men were hanged at his word. But though there was any amount of the ugly picturesque in the tale of that massacre raging around that monster, there was something over and above that to fascinate the historical detective. The story that started the dance of death, the mysterious end of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, is a model of a mystery story. There is not only the succession of suspects, but there is the complete turnover of totally contrary theories of the whole story.

Godfrey was a good man and a magistrate, rather moody and by no means narrow, who received the first testimony of Oates about a Popish Plot. He was found in a ditch killed, and even killed twice over. That is a true touch of the mystery story; for he was strangled and had also his own sword thrust through his body. Stevenson would have revelled in that. But it is the possibility of reading the whole strange story backwards as well as forwards that makes it the model of a *roman policier*. There was first the superficial inference, not altogether unnaturally seized on at the time, that he had been murdered by the Jesuits because he had received the denunciation of their plot. Then there was the psychological explanation; for he and his family suffered from melancholy and perhaps madness. He might have hanged himself, but he could hardly have fallen on his own sword at the same time.

And lastly there is the more terrible simplification with which such a story should end. It is by no means impossible that Godfrey was murdered by Oates. He might have been killed merely to start the scare; for Oates was capable of anything. Or he might have been killed because he already saw through Oates and had some opportunity of exposing him. The more I think of it the more I wonder that nobody has written a novel of the Stevensonian sort about him. And I also wonder, as I have said, that no magazine has set good writers to work on stories dealing with such a riddle; and if they all contradicted each other, why the more the merrier. They could get ten good stories out of the one fact, instead of telling the same story ten times and calling it fiction.



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF LONDON'S WINTER IMMIGRANT—THE SEA-GULL: TAKING FOOD ON THE WING, WHILE BEATING-UP AGAINST A STRONG BREEZE, WITH EVERY FEATHER RUFFLED.

Here and on the opposite page we reproduce some very striking instantaneous photographs of seagulls, taken recently in London, and bringing out their remarkable attitudes, and curious movements of legs and wings, when catching morsels of food thrown to them. Every winter, of course, during severe weather, seagulls fly inland and come up the Thames in search of food. This year they are said to have come further than usual. People on the Embankment and in the parks delight in feeding them and watching their aerial antics.—[Photograph by A. H. Hall.]

alleged poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury by Somerset, or at least by Somerset's wife. I should very much like to know what Sherlock Holmes would have to say about it. There would be a faint shade of anachronism, no doubt, about James the First bursting in upon the parlour in Baker Street, rolling his Scotch tongue and stammering his dreadful story; and Holmes keenly deducing from his Scotch accent that he was Scotch, and from his leaping back from the carving-knife that (unlike the magnet) he was not attracted to steel. It would be difficult to manage the scene in which Holmes and Watson, disguised as Beefeaters, tried to ensure that poor Overbury ate nothing less wholesome than beef. But Holmes could fall back on his love of deciphering old documents, and spell out the whole truth from some crabbed manuscript which he would examine with

THE SEAGULL IN LONDON: "SNAPSHOTS" OF REMARKABLE ANTICS.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. H. HALL.



SHOWING A PECULIAR ATTITUDE OF THE LEGS AND GREAT WING-SPREAD: A SEAGULL IN LONDON AT "DINNER-TIME."



WITH A LUMP OF CHEESE TAKEN IN ITS BEAK FROM A FRIENDLY HAND: A SEAGULL IN LONDON.



A HELICOPTER EFFECT: A SEAGULL RISING STRAIGHT UPWARD AFTER TAKING A PROFFERED MORSEL.



"WHITE WINGS THAT NEVER GROW WEARY": A SEAGULL IN FLIGHT PICKING A MORSEL FROM A LADY'S HAND—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE BRIDGE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK



AN AERIAL "TELEMARK": AN EMBANKMENT SEAGULL MAKES A QUICK TURN TO CATCH A MORSEL (IN AIR, TOP LEFT)—A UNIQUE ATTITUDE NOT CAUGHT SINCE.



EXPECTANT, BUT SLIGHTLY NERVOUS: A SEAGULL, WITH RUFFLED WING, HOVERING ABOVE A HAND HELD OUT TO OFFER IT FOOD.



TAKING A "FLYING PASS" AT FULL SPEED: A SEAGULL IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, WITH ITS LEGS WELL TUCKED AWAY, TURNING ITS HEAD TO SNATCH A PRIZE.



A PECULIAR ATTITUDE, WITH ONE LEG BENT CLOSE UP AGAINST THE BODY: A SEAGULL IN LONDON FLYING PAST A HUMAN HAND.

"The artist who draws pictures of seagulls in flight," writes Mr. A. H. Hall in a note on his remarkable photographs, "usually portrays them in a few conventional attitudes, some of which may be actually correct postures, and some accurate in that they convey the idea of flight, though incorrect in detail. In the case of arrested flight, when the birds hover in mid-air, to take food from the hand, or turn to catch a morsel thrown to them, many of the positions revealed by the camera show strength and dexterity rather than grace, and few of them would be attempted by the artist. Especially noticeable is the

mobility of the feet, which are tucked away, extended, or even thrown sideways, to clear any obstacle, or perhaps to assist in the turning movement. The gulls always try to feed flying against the wind, and, when beating up against a strong breeze, every feather is ruffled, and sometimes the wing feathers bent forward. The illustrations are selected from many attempts, taken, for the most part, from St. James's Park bridge at very close quarters. Large numbers had to be rejected, as even an exposure of one-thousandth of a second often fails to arrest the incredibly fast forward movement of the wing-tips, when fully extended."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WE Londoners, I fear, do not always appreciate our privileges as guardians of the national treasures in art and archaeology. How often do we visit the National Gallery or the British Museum, as compared with places of lighter entertainment? My own uneasy conscience prompts me to ask this question, but I am rather afraid there may be other delinquents. Our excuse must be that, when those temples of beauty and learning have their portals open, we are either chained to office desks, or, on release, are more inclined towards exercise and the open air. We can, however, enjoy art treasures and antiquarian lore vicariously, in our armchairs of a winter evening, through the medium of "others' books."

In the front rank of such works is "THE MUMMY": A Handbook of Egyptian Archaeology, by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, Sometime Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. Second Edition revised and greatly enlarged. (Cambridge University Press; 45s. net). Although the *fons et origo* of this monumental volume was the FitzWilliam Museum at Cambridge (known to irreverent undergraduates as the Fitz-Billy), the catalogue of whose Egyptian Antiquities, compiled by the author in 1892, expanded into the first edition of "The Mummy"; yet it is to the British Museum, and Sir Wallis Budge's long and distinguished work there that we owe this new version, which he has brought thoroughly up to date. Moreover, the seventy-five black-and-white illustrations and the thirty-nine plates, containing about 194 reproductions, "have been chosen," he points out, "from the National Collection, because the British Museum is open to the public for several hours daily, to say nothing of Sundays, and collectors and students can see and study the objects exhibited there without let or hindrance."

It could hardly have been foreseen that a work of this kind would be affected by a European War, yet such was the fact. "I had thought," writes the author, "of retaining all the illustrations in the first edition of 'The Mummy,' and as much of the letterpress as possible; but I learned that during the war the stereotyped plates had been requisitioned by the Government, and melted down for military purposes. Thus it became necessary to re-write the book." With unconscious but appropriate irony, the Germans retaliated on Sir Wallis Budge's Egyptian hieroglyphics, I believe, by landing a bomb near Cleopatra's Needle! Luckily, they missed the point, and also missed the British Museum.

I find it impossible to do any sort of justice here, in the small space available, to the immense erudition and fascinating interest of this standard work, on a subject which of late years has appealed to a far wider public through the discovery of Tutankhamen's Tomb. For many readers, whose imagination was captured by the romance of that event as described in the Press, the discovery was, I suppose, their first introduction to Egyptology, and in their minds was practically synonymous with it. To the expert Egyptologist, however, Tutankhamen, a comparatively insignificant Pharaoh, would doubtless be of less staggering import, and the unearthing of his tomb would merely take its place in a long line of similar discoveries. Such, I imagine, is the reason why no great stress is laid on Tutankhamen in this book, and there appears to be only a brief mention of the tomb and his funerary furniture, in a summary of his reign.

With its countless reproductions of emblems and hieroglyphics, accompanied by translations, and its vast wealth of detail on every conceivable phase of its subject, Sir Wallis Budge's book is indispensable to the student, but at the same time it is by no means too abstruse or technical for the general reader. Especially interesting are the outline of Egyptian history; the chapter on the Rosetta Stone (the key to the decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics, now in the British Museum and beautifully illustrated here as the frontispiece); the description and origin of methods of mummification, with its associated religious beliefs; and the picturesque account of a typical Egyptian funeral.

One of the most valuable recent additions to the literature of Art Criticism is a work by the Director of the National Gallery, Sir Charles Holmes, which was

mentioned very briefly on this page a few weeks ago, and I take the opportunity to refer to it rather more fully along with two other smaller but kindred volumes. Sir Charles Holmes's book is called "THE NATIONAL GALLERY" (The Netherlands, Germany, Spain), being No. 2 in his series, "Old Masters and Modern Art" (Bell; 25s. net). The first volume was devoted to Italian painting, and he had hoped to complete a similar study of the non-Italian schools in the second volume, but he found he had exceeded his allotted space (I am glad to know that eminent persons do that as well as myself) without mentioning the art of France and England. We may therefore look forward to a third volume on that subject. The numerous illustrations, which include three colour plates (from pictures by De Hooch, Dirk Bouts, and Jan Vermeer) are excellently reproduced.

Sir Charles makes an interesting point, readily intelligible at the present season, about the influence of climate on art, and the fundamental difference between the paintings of Northern and Southern Europe. "The arts in the north," he says, "from the seventeenth century onwards, were virtually controlled by the needs of men who had no ready means of escape from the long northern winter. . . . The Italian churches had large



USED AS A BAKERY IN ELIZABETHAN DAYS: THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY LADY CHAPEL OF SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL—A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF EARLY ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE, NOW TO BE RESTORED.

The Lady Chapel of Southwark Cathedral was built in 1206, and is forty years older than any part of Westminster Abbey. After the Dissolution it was used as a court, and in 1555 Bishop Gardiner, then Lord Chancellor, presided at a trial of six ecclesiastics there. Queen Elizabeth abolished this tribunal, and the Lady Chapel became a bakery for over seventy years, until the business was closed and it fell into disrepair. The present Bishop, Dr. Cyril Garbett, has inaugurated a scheme, for which Southwark residents are raising funds, to restore the chapel to its original state and erect three altars in it.—[Photograph by C.N.]

wall spaces available for decoration, because in a land of strong sunshine windows need not be large and numerous; but in the comparatively sunless north . . . there was no room for large mural paintings." In private houses, too, as in churches, works of art in the north had to be comparatively small, and it was the northern winter that made the country house of supreme importance for letters, music, and the graphic arts. "Nowadays," writes Sir Charles, "this epoch of the country house would seem to be over. Taxation brings every year more and more of these old collections into the market. . . . Modern travelling facilities render it easy for those who have money to escape the northern winter altogether. The motor-car, the golf course, and the cosmopolitan hotel provide the new generation with substitutes for the pleasures which their forefathers found in the ancestral home." It will thus be seen that Sir Charles approaches his subject with a broad and entirely human outlook. He proceeds to discuss with insight and wide knowledge both the style and the personalities of the Dutch, German, and Spanish Masters. His book is one to be read by every serious art-lover.

The two smaller books above mentioned, while not claiming quite the same authority, or going into so much detail about individual pictures, have their special value in the education of the public. The critic who can write for the masses does perhaps even more than one who appeals to the instructed art-lover towards popularising the study of art. That is the value of such books as "THE LURE OF THE LONDON GALLERIES": A Record of Beauty and Romance, by Arthur Milton; with eight illustrations

(Mills and Boon; 5s. net), and "THE OLD MASTERS," by Frank Rutter. Illustrated (Hodder and Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net), a volume in the handy little "People's Library," edited by Sidney Dark.

Mr. Arthur Milton disclaims any idea of offering a work of criticism. "I seek to direct attention," he says, "to what is most beautiful and most romantic in the great galleries of London. . . . This is not a guide book nor a catalogue of pictures and sculptures. You will choose for yourselves the works of art that please you most, and I have set down here the things in which I most delight." It is a gossipy and humorous book, with much biographical anecdote about artists past and present.

Mr. Frank Rutter, who gives a very interesting survey of the greatest foreign painters, from Cimabue to Rembrandt, takes his subject a little more critically. Though the book is not specially related to our British collections, he begins with a reminiscence of his first visit to the National Gallery, mainly as an object-lesson as to how not to attempt to instil love of art into a boy. When he told his mentor that he didn't much like Velasquez's "Philip the Fourth when Young," the mentor grunted: "Well, then, you'd better get to like it." Mr. Rutter commits himself to the dictum that "representation is not art." Later he says that we may trace the development of the representative tradition (as opposed to the tradition of ideas and symbolism) "from palæolithic times to its perfect flowering in the physical immaculacy of Greek sculpture." I detect here a certain inconsistency, and it seems to follow logically that, if "representation is not art," the Elgin Marbles are not art. I do not pretend to be an art critic, but I recall the words of one who wrote the other day, in connection with the Sargent exhibition at the Academy, that Sargent was "a master of representation." I cannot think that Mr. Rutter would deny that Sargent was an artist.

While London possesses the greatest collections of paintings in the country, it has no monopoly in the masterpieces of architecture. In this art again—the mother of all arts, as some think—books of instructive exposition are very necessary. Anyone can look at a cathedral; in fact, one can hardly help looking at it if anywhere near; but to look at it with artistic appreciation and the historic sense is another matter. I have visited many cathedrals, and ascended the towers of Lincoln and Ely, and I realise how one may be impressed by their majestic beauty while

remaining completely ignorant of the story they have to tell. I therefore commend heartily to every other ignoramus on these matters "THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND," by A. Hamilton Thompson, D.Litt., F.S.A., Professor of Mediaeval History in the University of Leeds; with Illustrations (S.P.C.K.; 8s. 6d. net). Recently on this page I had occasion to claim old acquaintance with the author, in referring to his introductory essay in Dr. M. R. James's book on the Abbeys of the West Country. I recall Professor Thompson, among other kindred spirits of former days at Cambridge, during those reminiscent moods when, as the poet says—

. . . Softly, thro' a vinous mist,
My college friendships glimmer.

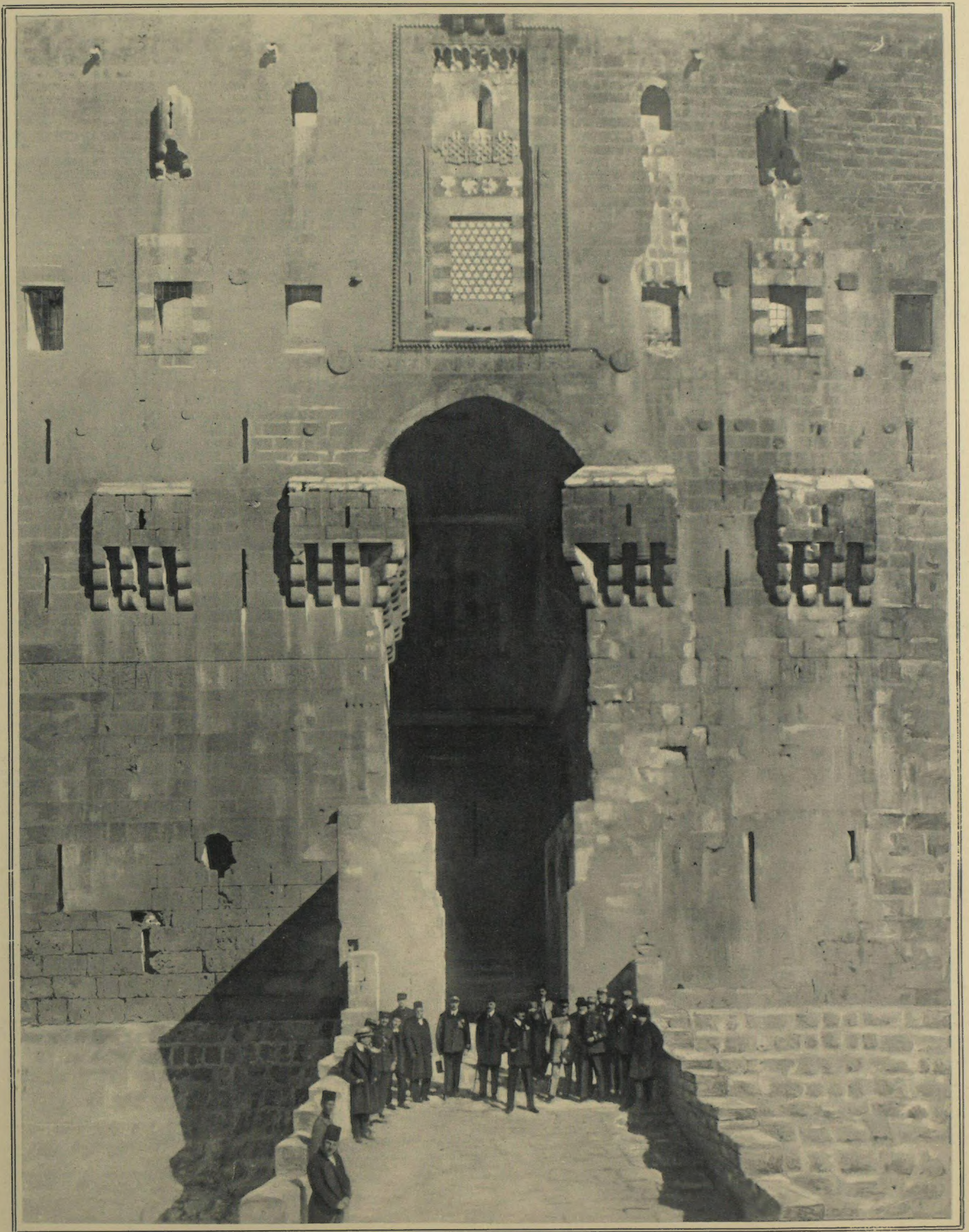
Lest I be thought to involve Professor Thompson in a vinous mist, I ought to add that those symposia of Johnian undergraduate critics, at which he was a man of light and leading, were not of a bibulous character, and there was nothing going stronger than coffee.

In his new book, which is illustrated by beautiful photogravures, he is concerned not so much with details of architecture as with the place of the cathedral, considered as an institution, in ecclesiastical history. At the same time, he does not neglect the architectural element in its broader aspects, and throws new and interesting light on the organisation of the work of building a cathedral in mediaeval times. Several famous bishops, he points out, have acquired a rather undeserved reputation as architects, whereas the professional credit is really due to master builders whose names have not always survived.

C. E. B.

SCENE OF ELECTORAL RIOTS: ALEPPO—THE COMMISSIONER'S VISIT.


PHOTOGRAPH BY DEROUNIAN FRÈRES.




AT THE GREAT GATE OF ALEPPO'S THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CITADEL, BUILT BY THE CRUSADERS: M. HENRY DE JOUVENEL, FRENCH HIGH COMMISSIONER IN SYRIA, WITH OTHER FRENCH OFFICIALS, CIVIL AND MILITARY.

The Syrian elections were marked by rioting at Aleppo and a boycott at Homs and Hama, while the amnesty offered by the French to the insurgents had expired on January 8. At Aleppo a mob entered the Serail (Government buildings) after smashing the doors, and the polling stations were closed. In the rioting a French officer was wounded, and one policeman and eight demonstrators were killed. On January 13 it was stated that disturbances there had ceased.

M. de Jouvenel aims at peace without unreasonable concessions. On January 1 he distributed by aeroplanes a proclamation appealing to the Druses to discontinue a hopeless struggle. He was well received at Aleppo, which there was some talk of making the capital of Syria, instead of Damascus. In our photograph he is seen standing in front of the group, with M. Reclus and M. René François to the left, and (to the right) General Vallier and Colonel Vincent.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CONCERNING CRABS AND LOBSTERS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

FOR some years the steady decline in the crab and lobster fishery along our East Coast was a matter of grave concern. The Crab and Lobster Act of 1877 prescribed a size limit, and protected the "soft" and "berried" crab—that is to say, the newly moulted and the egg-bearing. But this apparently adequate protection failed of its purpose. On the insistent demand of the fishermen for expert investigation as to the causes of this decline, the matter was taken up by the Marine Biological Association at Plymouth and the Dove Marine Laboratory at Cullercoats. The results of their investigations have now been briefly and ably summarised by Professor Alexander Meek, of the Cullercoats Laboratory.



THE "MIRACLE" OF THE SHORE CRAB'S MOULTING: A COMPLETE SERIES OF THE MOULTED SHELLS OF A SINGLE CRAB.

"These moulted shells of a Shore Crab should be compared with the totally unlike forms of the earlier larval stages of growth."

From Pycraft's "Infancy of Animals." Photograph by E. J. Manly.

So far back as 1896 the area from the Humber to the Tyne was protected by a close season of five months, to the benefit of the fishing. Then this restriction was repealed, and the fishermen were permitted to fish all the year round if they wished: as a result, a rapid decline in productiveness followed. The reimposition of a close time has abundantly proved its value. Professor Meek has given statistics of the fishing from 1918 to 1924, based on the catches from four areas. It will suffice here if I give a sample of these. Thus, in Northumberland during 1918 440,620 crabs were

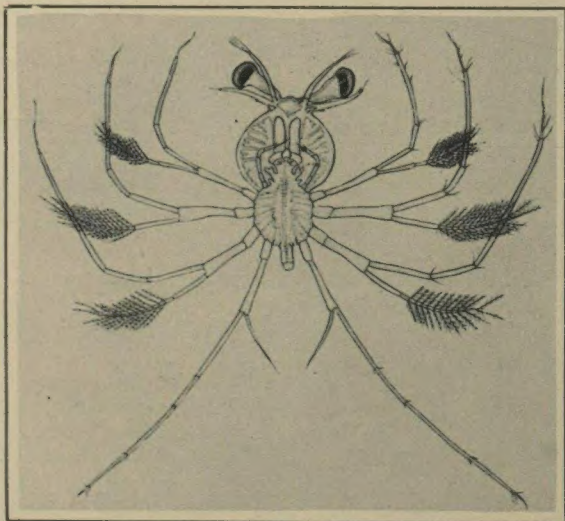
landed; in 1924 the number had risen to 1,286,563. In the area from Norfolk to Lincolnshire the numbers for the same period were 1,332,400 and 1,551,000. There is no need to labour the benefits which have followed from judicious legislation.

In the course of their investigations the authorities concerned gleaned some valuable information as to the life-histories of these crustaceans. Marking experiments showed that the crab population, as a whole, is stationary. But there is a migration to deep water in the winter and a return to shallow water for the summer. The larval stages, about which more will be said presently, are "pelagic"—that is to say, they are passed well out to sea; and are "denatant"—that is to say, they are, willy-nilly, transported by down-currents, so that protection of the larvæ results in an immediate benefit to districts which lie "down-current" from the area where the larvæ were hatched. But this is balanced by the fact that the female crabs, when about to become "berried,"

migrate contra-natantly, or up-current. From this inter-relation between neighbouring districts it is clear that a uniform legislation for the whole of the East Coast is necessary. The lobster-fishery seems to call for no further legislation than that now in force, forbidding the landing of "berried" females and "soft" lobsters.

This matter of "soft" crabs and lobsters touches a most wonderfully interesting phase of their life-history. In common with the rest of the family—the "Arthropoda," which include the butterflies and moths, beetles, dragon-flies, and other winged creatures of the upper air—the skeleton is outside instead of inside the body, as in the backboneed animals. That is to say, the integument, or outer skin, is formed of a horny substance known as "chitin." This is an inelastic material, incapable of growing with the underlying tissues. Hence the body is compelled to grow in a series of spasmodic jerks. At intervals, that is to say, it grows "too big for its boots." Accordingly, just beneath the old outer skin a new skin is formed. And when all is ready the old investment bursts, and the body wriggles out. It is then, however, in a sadly defenceless condition, and must remain so till the new skin hardens to afford leverage for the enclosed muscles. At this juncture we are faced with a paradox. The less has contained the greater! For with each change of garment the body materially increases in size at once, before the hardening of the new integument takes place. Now we generally associate increased growth with increased feeding. But these newly clad creatures cannot feed; their jaws are too soft.

With the crabs and lobsters this business of moulting is rendered a still more strenuous event from the fact that the new skin takes up carbonate and other lime salts, and so becomes a shell of stony hardness. It seems incredible that it should be possible for the body to withdraw itself from such a formidable armour. But nevertheless the miracle is performed. The escape is made by the bursting of the thin film of chitin which serves to bind the "carapace," or thoracic segment of the body, to the abdominal segments. The long, delicate antennæ of the lobster, the small mouth-parts, and the delicate "swimmerets" of the abdomen are all alike successfully extracted. More than this, even the lining of the stomach, with the complex armature of teeth which act like a bird's "gizzard-stones," are shed and renewed. In one of the adjoining photographs a long series of successive shells of a single shore-crab is shown, each looking as though it were still tenanted.



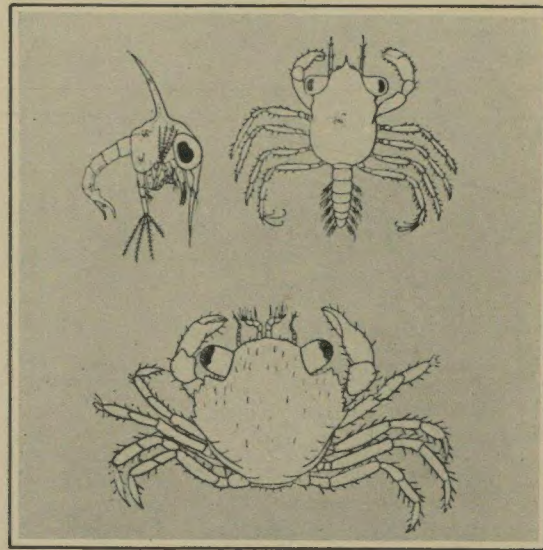
WITH OAR-LIKE LIMBS THAT KEEP IT AFLOAT: THE TRANSPARENT PHYLLOSOMA LARVA OF THE SPINY LOBSTER, WHICH PASSES THROUGH ITS STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS FAR OUT AT SEA.

"The Phyllosoma larva of the Spiny Lobster is as transparent as glass, and no thicker than a sheet of paper. Its remarkably long limbs, armed with oar-like expansions, serve to keep it afloat when drifting about at the surface of the open ocean."

After J. T. Cunningham. Photograph by E. J. Manly.

But this is not all. Before the crab or the lobster assumes the familiar form by which we recognise them, they moved about their watery world in quite another guise, familiar only to the student. Rather, one must say, a series of guises, for at each successive moult the little body takes on a new shape. Two of these stages in the development of the shore-crab are given here. The earliest, known as the "Zoea" stage, is remarkable for the presence of a great spine on the back. The next, or "Megalopa" stage, is rather more crab-like, but it will be noticed it resembles the lobster in having, behind the "carapace," a row of segments forming the abdomen. In the lobster these segments furnish the luscious meat we are all so fond of. In the crab they dwindle in size, and are curled up underneath the great, broad carapace, which furnishes our table delicacy, the abdomen being of no account.

These microscopic "larval" stages of the crab and lobster family present the most extraordinary range of forms, as may be gathered by comparing the "Zoea" stage of the shore-crab with the "Phyllosoma" stage of the spiny lobster. We must regard them as "adaptations" to environment. For, of the marine forms, some pass through their metamorphoses, or transformations, far out at sea. The

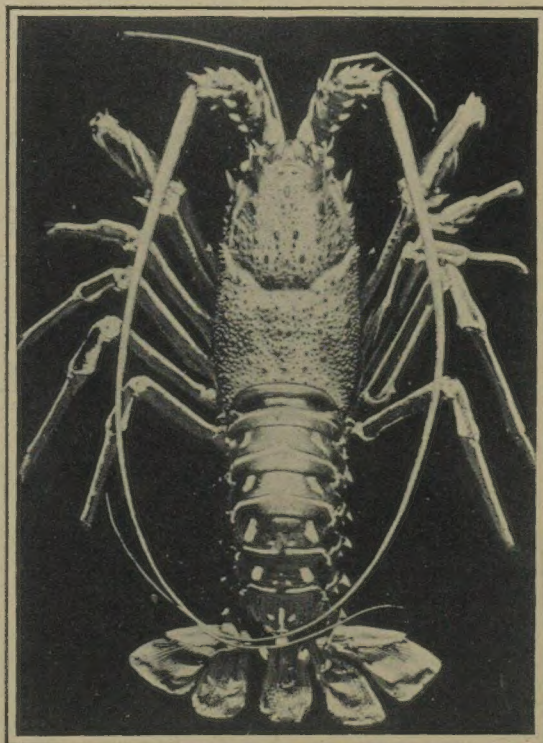


EVIDENCE OF THE SHORE CRAB'S LOBSTER ANCESTRY: THE "ZOEAE" (TOP LEFT) AND "MEGALOPA" (TOP RIGHT) STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED).

"The 'Megalopa' stage shows that the crabs have descended from a lobster-like ancestor, wherein the abdomen extended directly backwards from the carapace."

After Williamson and Calman. Photograph by E. J. Manly.

transparent "Phyllosoma" is one of these. No thicker than a sheet of paper, it presents a large surface for the support of the body, so that no effort is needed by the frail wanderer to keep near the surface. On another occasion I propose to give a series of illustrations of the astounding range of differences of form which such larvæ present.

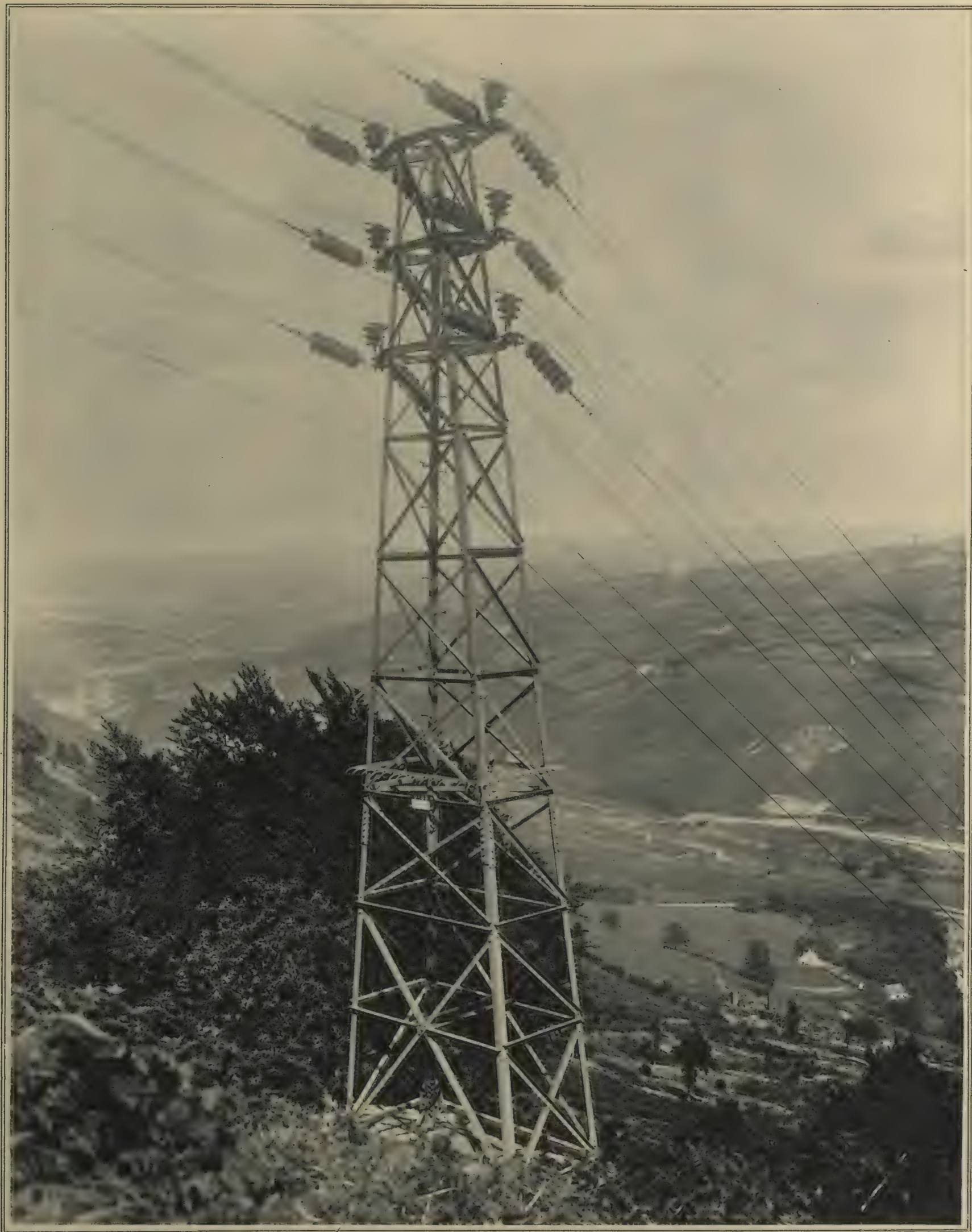


UNLIKE THE COMMON LOBSTER IN HAVING FEEBLE CHELÆ (BIG CLAWS), BUT LONG ANTENNÆ: THE SPINY LOBSTER, OR SEA CRAWFISH.

"The Spiny Lobster, or Sea Crawfish, is found on the southern and western coasts of the British Islands. Unlike the more familiar Lobster, it has comparatively feeble big claws or Chelæ, and is further remarkable for the enormous length of the antennæ."

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

THE NEW ELECTRICITY SCHEME: A TYPICAL "LATTICE" TOWER IN WALES.



CARRYING A 10,000-H.P. OVERHEAD LINE CAPABLE OF SUPPLYING A MODERATELY LARGE TOWN: A STEEL LATTICE STRUCTURE.

In his recent speech at Birmingham the Prime Minister outlined a scheme to be brought before Parliament next Session, for the unification of cheap electrical power as an aid to the revival of industry. Our photograph, published by courtesy of Callender's Cable and Construction Co. Ltd., "shows (they write) a type of construction suitable for overhead lines working at a pressure of 55,000 volts. Power is transmitted by 3-phase current, and the line in question is a 6-wire line—i.e., two 3-phase circuits. The seventh wire seen in the photograph is an 'earth' wire. It runs from one steel structure to the next to bond them all together, and also connects the armouring of insulated cables used at the ends of the

overhead line. Overhead lines cannot be brought right into towns, and some little distance from the centre of the town the circuits must be continued as underground conductors. The photograph was taken in South Wales, and the line forms part of the system of the South Wales Power Co. The steel lattice structures are spaced at intervals of from 400 to 700 feet, according to the nature of the ground, and a line such as the one shown would be capable of transmitting electrical energy equal to a total of 10,000 horse-power, which would supply the present-day requirements of a moderately large town." Structures of this type would doubtless be largely used under the new scheme.

Great Huntings: The Chase in Many Lands.

"THE BOOK OF THE RED DEER AND EMPIRE BIG GAME": Edited by JOHN ROSS and HUGH GUNN.*

"THE Book of the Red Deer and Empire Big Game" is by enthusiasts for enthusiasts, but it has additional virtue in that it will enthrall the novice at least as much as it will the expert. There is not a chapter in it that does not tempt stay-at-homes to win the heart to wander far and near like Kingsley's "Outlaw"—

I wadna be a clerk, mither, to bide aye ben
Scrabbling ower the sheets o' parchment with a weary,
weary pen;
Looking through the lang stane windows at a narrow strip
o' sky,
Like a laverock in a
withy cage, until I
pine away and die.

Major John Ross sets the first lure, with his "Deer-stalking in the Scottish Highlands," his tales of "exquisitely delicious sport," of lofty hills and remote corries, of mountains, moors, and lochs. It can no longer be boasted—as the seventeenth-century Sir Robert Gordon had it of the County of Sutherland—"All these forests and schases are very profitable for feeding for bestiall and delectable for hunting. They are full of reid deer, roes, woulffs, boxes, wyld catts, frocks, skuyrells, whittrets, weasels, otters, martrixes, hares and foumarts. In these florests, and in all this province, ther is great store of partridges, pluviers, capercaleys, blackcoaks, mure fowls, heth-hens, swanes, bewters, turtle-doves, herons, doves, steares or starlings, lair-igig, or knag (which is a fowl like unto a parokeet or parrot, which makes place for nest with her beek in the oak-tree), duke, draig, widgeon, teale, wildgoose, ringoose, gouls, wharps, shot wharps, woodcocks, larkes, sparrows, snyps, blackbuidrs, and all other kinds of wild-fowl, and birds which are to be had in any part of this kingdom." But the rugged country still yields its quota of game worthy of the bagging. None knows this better than Major Ross, and it is well that he is willing to share his learning: His contribution is full of noteworthy things. And what fascination there is in the chase! "Care has to be taken when the crest is being reached to prevent the keen-eyed and keen-scenting deer from being disturbed until the trained observer with his glasses scans the distant ground. Then if a good head is spotted, the gradual retreat, the stealthy crawl, through crag and heath and moss, the anxiety about the direction or variations of the wind, until a favourable position is reached for the tremulous shot, and then—even if it be a miss, the quest has not been in vain."

Which brings one to many other matters, notably to antlers. Major Ross is not with those who hold that these are mere ornaments, or are to enable the stags to fight each other in the rutting season. "There can be little doubt," he asserts, "that the antlers were provided as a protection against the onslaught of their natural enemies. The skin of no beast of prey is invulnerable to the brow tines of a charging full-grown stag. The neck of the stag is very powerful, and the muscles and joints are exceptionally tensile, and it would be exceedingly difficult for an enemy to get inside his guard unless he was taken by surprise. Wild beasts generally attack the throat or the back of the neck, and antlers are obviously designed to protect these vulnerable parts from the enemy's onslaught. It may surprise most people to know that when a stag's head is thrown back the antlers cover most of his body. An experience

I once had led me to the conclusion that one of the uses of antlers is to protect the neck and back from attack. A friend who was out with me in the Ardgool Forest fired at a ten-pointer, but just grazed the skin above the small of the back. As soon as the stag felt the touch of the bullet, his antlers were thrown back over the body, and he ran at least fifty yards before bringing them to the perpendicular. Did that movement come down to him from a remote ancestor when by a race-instinct he felt the claws of a leopard pierce his skin?"

So to "The Deer in the Morning of the World," by Mr. Ludovic McL. Mann, who writes of many species, including the extinct Irish elk and the reindeer who "entered the British Area while there was still a land-bridge to the Continent"; to "Ancient Deerstalkers and Other Notes," by Mr. Alexander Patience, who deals with ancient artists and hunters; to "With Sketchbook and With Rifle," by Major V. R. Balfour-Browne, who has indulged in normal stalking and in "the image of war without the guilt"; to "The Red Deer of Gallo-way," who are no

Zealand. The only two animals introduced for sport, the rabbit and the fox, have become much too virile settlers and have increased to such an enormous extent that they have become pests, being classed as vermin and destroyed as such." There can be few who could not have mentioned the rabbit; but the fox—"For many years they have been subject to the Vermin Destruction Acts and are poisoned and killed on sight. Bonuses are given for their masks by Shire Councils and other bodies. No Australian hesitates to shoot a fox on sight out there. There are several Hunt Clubs which hunt them in winter, and they give very good sport."

As to Newfoundland: Caribou are so plentiful that Lord Morris is able to say: "I have had it variously estimated that there are in the country between 100,000 and 200,000. . . I, myself, at Howley Station, saw a thousand pass in an afternoon, and this is no guesswork but a careful estimate. Guides and American hunters confirm this and say they have counted in two days four and five thousand crossing the Exploits River at one point." This at the annual migrations—"from South to North, and vice-versa, Spring and Autumn."

In the chapter on "The Wild Animals of Canada" is: "As the dried flesh of the antelope, in the form of biltong, helped the old Boer *voertrekker*, so did the dried flesh and fat of the bison, under the name of pemmican, supply the *voyageur* of the Hudson Bay Company and its early rivals with the sustaining and nutritious food that was necessary in the cold and trying journeys in these high latitudes. . . In the absence of other food a handful of pemmican was sufficient food to constitute a meal, and pemmican, in the days of abundant buffalo, sold for 2d. a pound in Winnipeg. The warm, thick buffalo-robe saved the life of many an early settler in the western blizzard. The hide formed the tyres of his Red River cart in a country where iron was unknown."

And in "African Forests and Hunting with Pygmies" it is written: "If we read aright the lessons to be taught by a study of the Okapi, or the forest Elephant, or a little forest Buffalo; and if we compare these and other forest animals with their cousins of the bush country, it will not be difficult to understand what has been taking place. Descendants of most of the forest species have at some time or other found themselves living a marginal forest existence, and eventually have become bush country animals,

undergoing very radical changes, in the same way as the forest margins have changed into bush. Some species undoubtedly have died out, some to this day still exist only in the forest unchanged, some have long ago become bush animals and have lost their forest associations, while others are still undergoing on the forest margins the process of specific transformation during their gradual adaptation from a forest to a bush habitat. Thus the original forest stock of the Giraffe was the Okapi, Stanley's 'forest donkey,' whose existence was first made known in 1900 by Sir Harry H. Johnston. . . Its descendant, the giraffe, now a bush animal, is never found in true forest, and it must have become detached as a species at a very early stage in Okapi history."

But a truce to quotation. Enough has been done to suggest the authority of the book, its variety, and the world-wide area it covers. It remains but to recommend it heartily—and to tell the purchaser that in buying his copy he will not only ensure uncommon enjoyment for himself, but aid the funds for the Blighty Scheme for Disabled Men.

E. H. G.



BIG GAME HUNTING IN INDIA: A TIGER CROSSING A STREAM.

Illustrations Reproduced from "The Book of the Red Deer and Empire Big Game," by Courtesy of the Editors.

more; "Some Royal Hunters of the Highland Deer"; "Deer and Boar in Gaelic Literature," a narrative of great huntings; "An American's Impressions of Deerstalking in Scotland"; "The Red Deer in England"; and "The Future of Deerstalking."

Thence to the Empire and its game—from elephant-hunting and tiger-shooting to tracking the okapi, hunting the kangaroo with dogs, pig-sticking, and what-not, especially remembering the cockroach drives of Ascension. "This was a peculiar and, as cockroaches infest the island, a necessary form of 'sport.' For some reason the cockroach has a terror of the centipede. The latter used to be caught on the mountain and brought in a box to the garrison," recalls Colonel F. J. F. French, of the Royal Marines. "On the verandah of one of the bungalows the 'hunters' used to line up armed with flappers. I am not using the word 'flapper' in its usual sense; here it merely means a stick with a disc of leather at the end, about six inches in diameter. The centipede was then released. Immediately the cockroaches left their lairs and swarmed on the floor. Then the 'hunters' set to work with their flappers."

That is by no means the only curiosity of the book, which is as full of surprises for uninitiated "Travelling Gents" as it is of practical experiences and advice. Facts are plentiful and engaging.

Here is an Australian note: "Australia is the only important part of the British Empire with no big game which is native to the country or which has been introduced for sporting purposes and successfully acclimatised and allowed to run wild as in New



WHEN SURROUNDED BY A RING OF HUNTERS ON ELEPHANTS: A TIGER BREAKING COVERT AND ABOUT TO CHARGE.

* "The Book of the Red Deer and Empire Big Game." Edited by John Ross, F.S.A., Scot., and Hugh Gunn, M.A. (Limited Edition—de-Luxe, £2 2s. net; or in Two Parts—"The Book of the Red Deer" and "Empire Big Game"—10s. 6d. each net; Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.)

ENGLAND v. WALES: A FIERCE BUT INDECISIVE "RUGGER" BATTLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., C.N., AND G.P.U.



AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND (WHITE JERSEYS) AND WALES (DARK JERSEYS) AT CARDIFF: HAMILTON-WICKES (WITH THE BALL) GETS OVER THE WELSH LINE, BUT THE TRY IS DISALLOWED BY THE REFEREE (SEEN BLOWING HIS WHISTLE).



A BARRIER BROKEN BY THE PRESSURE OF THE HUGE CROWD OF 40,000 SPECTATORS: POLICE "RESTORING THE LINE" AND KEEPING THE CROWD FROM ENCROACHING ON THE GROUND.



ONE OF MANY PERSONAL INJURIES THAT OCCURRED DURING THE GAME: A. T. VOYCE, AN ENGLISH FORWARD, HURT IN THE MOUTH, WITH PLAYERS GATHERING ROUND HIM.



HOW WALES EQUALISED THE ENGLISH SCORE BY SECURING A TRY IN THE SECOND HALF: G. ANDREWS, A WELSH THREE-QUARTER (ON RIGHT), CROSSING THE ENGLISH LINE.



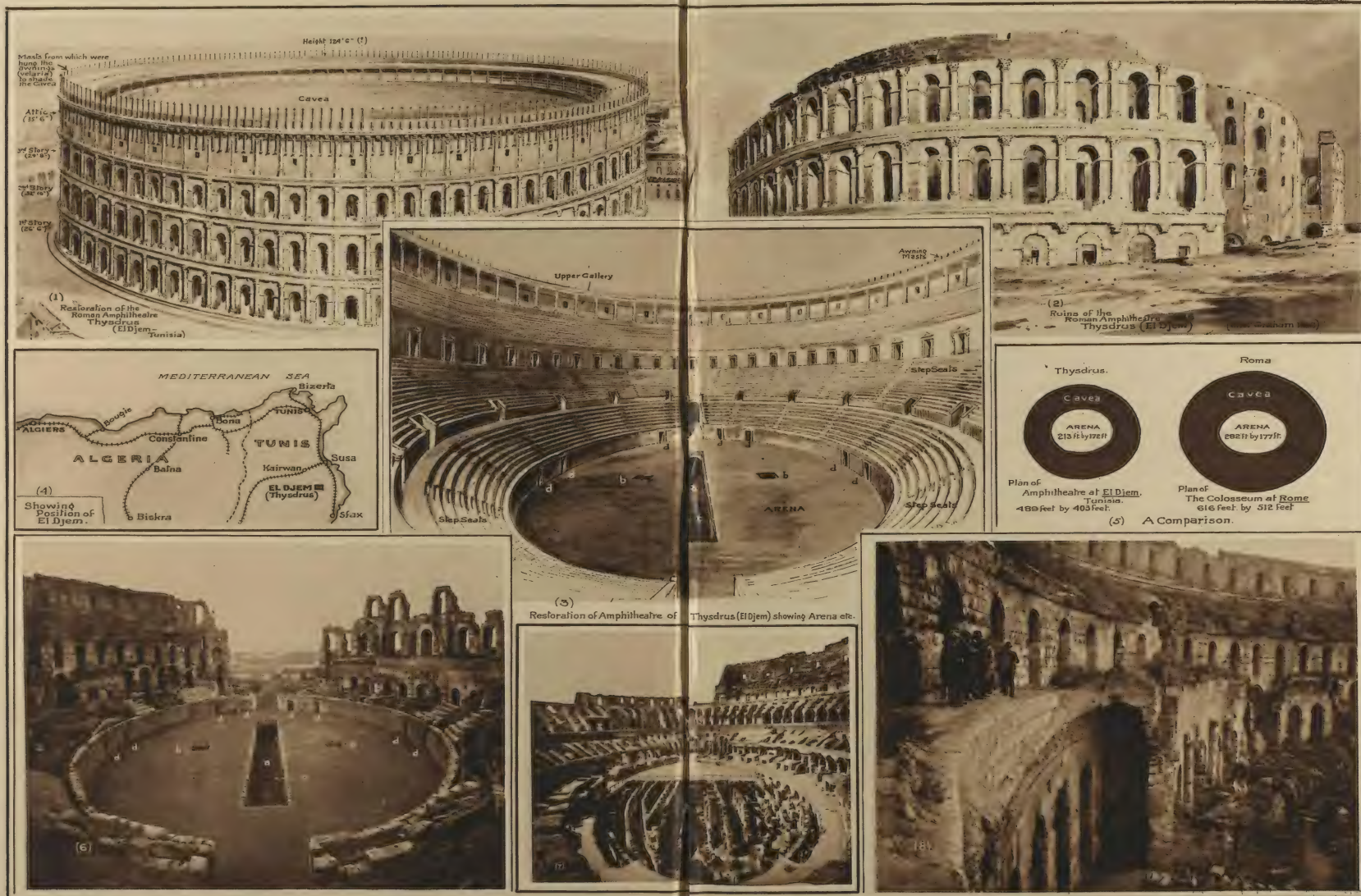
THE HERO OF HIS TWENTY-SIXTH MATCH FOR ENGLAND (A RECORD) MAKES A GREAT RUN THAT SECURED THE ONLY ENGLISH TRY: W. W. WAKEFIELD, THE VETERAN FORWARD, GETTING AWAY FROM A PASS BY T. E. S. FRANCIS.

The international "Rugger" match between England and Wales, played at Cardiff on January 16 before a crowd of 40,000 spectators, resulted in a draw, each side scoring only one try (3 points). The English try was secured in the first half of the game by the veteran forward, W. W. Wakefield, from a pass by T. E. S. Francis, one of the three-quarter backs. Wakefield made another magnificent breakaway in the second half, running more than halfway down the ground, but

failed to score again. He was the hero of the day on the English side, and achieved a "record" by playing for England for the twenty-sixth time. The Welsh try was secured towards the end of the game by G. Andrews of Newport. Neither of the two tries was converted into a goal by the place-kick. Wales had rather the best of the game in the second half, and crossed the English goal line four times, but failed to obtain more than the one try above mentioned.

WHERE SCENES AS IN "QUO VADIS?" TOOK PLACE THE COLOSSEUM; AND A PARALLEL IN ROMAN AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 7 SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR F. HALBHERR



6. SHOWING THE CENTRAL TRENCH (a), COVERED DURING PERFORMANCES, THE AIR- AND LIGHT-HOLES (b b), AND DOORS (d d) IN THE RING WALL: RUINS OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT EL DJEM (THYSDRUS) SHOWN PICTORIALLY RESTORED IN DRAWING NO. 3.

8. SIMILAR TO THE COLOSSEUM IN ITS GENERAL DESIGN, BUT ON A CONSIDERABLY SMALLER SCALE, AS SHOWN IN DIAGRAM NO. 1.

London film audiences have been thrilled of late by the sensational picture founded on the famous novel of Sienkiewicz, "Quo Vadis?" which contains heartrending scenes representing the sufferings of early Christian martyrs in the Roman arena. The ruins of the Colosseum at Rome stand as a solid witness to the reality of those bloodthirsty shows in which not only martyrs, but malefactors, gladiators, and wild beasts were "butchered to make a Roman holiday." The Colosseum was begun by Vespasian and finished by Titus in A.D. 80. It held 87,000 spectators. Similar amphitheatres were built in important colonial cities of the Roman Empire, such as that above illustrated at Thyrsudon (now El Djem) in the province of Africa (modern Tunisia). This building, which is smaller than the Colosseum, has been excavated in recent years by Italian archaeologists. Professor

7. WHERE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS, MALEFACTORS, GLADIATORS, AND WILD BEASTS WERE "BUTCHERED TO MAKE A ROMAN HOLIDAY": THE COLOSSEUM—EXCAVATIONS BENEATH THE ARENA, SHOWING SUBTERRANEAN STRUCTURES WHERE ANIMALS WERE PLACED.

THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT EL DIEM (THYSDRUS)—A SECTION OF THE INTERIOR, SHOWING STRUCTURES UNDER THE ARENA.

Halbherr, in a note describing his topograph of it (No. 7) writes: "It is found to have chambers under the arena, like the Colosseum at Rome. The great trench in the arena (a) in the photograph) was covered by planks during the performances, as also the air- and light-holes (b,b). The trench corresponded with an underground corridor, which gave entrance to the subterranean chambers used to hold wild beasts for the games. The beasts were introduced into the arena by means of wooden inclined planes. The hole (c) in the pavement of the corridor served probably for drainage. The small doors in the ring wall dividing the arena from the caves, where the spectators sat, communicated with interior rooms of the amphitheatre, and were shut up during the combats of beasts. Through these doors (d,d) the *bestiarii* and other servants drew out the wounded and the dead."

FROM THE SPECTATOR'S POINT OF VIEW: SKI-JUMPING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. MOLLARET.



SKI-JUMPING IN THE FRENCH ALPS: A CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING HELD ON THE SLOPES OF MONT GENÈVRE, SHOWING THE TAKING-OFF PLATFORM AND A COMPETITOR DESCENDING BETWEEN LINES OF SPECTATORS.

Ski-jumping is by far the most thrilling and spectacular of winter sports. We illustrate here the spectator's point of view, as contrasted with that of the jumper, shown opposite. The above photograph was taken at a meeting of the

French Alpine Club, on Mont Genève, near Briançon. In Switzerland, the British ski-championship, as noted in our last issue, was recently held, and there has since been an Anglo-Swiss inter-University ski-race at Mürren.

FROM THE COMPETITOR'S POINT OF VIEW: SKI-JUMPING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



MAKING A WORLD'S RECORD LEAP OF 63 METRES (ABOUT 205 FT.): DAGFINN CARLSEN, THE NORWEGIAN SKI-JUMPER, IN A RECENT CONTEST ON THE BERNINA LEAP AT PONTRESINA, IN SWITZERLAND.

This remarkable photograph illustrates a ski-jump as it appears to the jumper, soaring high into the air after taking-off from the platform, and affords a contrast to the spectator's point of view of a similar event, as shown on the opposite page. A note on the photograph states that on this occasion—a ski-jumping

competition at Pontresina, on the famous Bernina leap—Dagfinn Carlsen, a Norwegian competitor, made a world's record jump of 63 metres (about 205 ft.). There was a notable ski meeting on January 10 at Gstaad, where it was arranged that the contest for Earl Beatty's Cup should also take place on January 15 and 16.

"A CASKET OF HISTORY" IN DANGER OF COLLAPSE: DURHAM CASTLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR AND WINIFRED WARD.

ONCE THE
FORTRESS AND
PALACE OF THE
PRINCES PALATINE,
BISHOPS OF
DURHAM, NOW
THE HOME OF
UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE:
DURHAM CASTLE—
THE WESTERN
BLOCK (RIGHT)
IN DANGER OF
COLLAPSE, AND
THE INNER
GATEWAY
(CENTRE), WITH
THE CATHEDRAL
BEYOND.



BUILT ON
INSECURE
FOUNDATIONS
OF SHALE,
AND NOW BEING
REPAIRED TO
SAVE IT FROM
FALLING INTO THE
RIVER WEAR:
THE WEST WALL
OF DURHAM
CASTLE (UNDER
SCAFFOLDING),
WITH FLAMBARDS'
BRIDGE (BUILT
ABOUT 1403)
IN THE
FOREGROUND.



IN THAT PART
OF DURHAM
CASTLE WHICH
IS THREATENED
WITH COLLAPSE:
THE NORMAN
GALLERY, OR
CONSTABLE'S
HALL, BUILT
BY BISHOP
FUDGEY ABOUT
1160-80,
AFTER THE
DESTRUCTION
OF THE
CONQUEROR'S
CASTLE BY FIRE.



CONSIDERED ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF ITS PERIOD:
A LATE NORMAN DOORWAY IN BISHOP TUNSTALL'S GALLERY,
DURHAM CASTLE.

THE OLDEST
STRUCTURE
IN DURHAM
SURVIVING
COMPLETE:
THE
CONQUEROR'S
CHAPEL,
DURHAM CASTLE,
DATING FROM
1072, THE NORTH
WALL, POSSIBLY
PRE-NORMAN.



Durham Castle, one of the grandest medieval buildings in England, is in danger of collapse on its western side owing to insecure foundations, and a great effort is being made to prevent such a disaster. In ancient times it was the fortress and state palace of the Princes Palatine, Bishops of Durham, whose position and power during the Middle Ages was unique. On the death of the last Prince Palatine, in 1837, the Castle was handed over to the University of Durham, and has since been the home of University College. Along with the great cathedral of St. Cuthbert, the Castle forms a familiar landmark to the countryside. At a gathering on behalf of the needed restoration fund of £30,000, of which £15,000 has already been raised, the Bishop of Durham said: "Those who built the Castle on the hill did not realise that, while it had the appearance of stability, they were not going down to rock, but were building on a bed of shale, which covered the rock to a depth of several feet. The shale is showing signs of movement, and the fabric dangerous signs of weakness."

As an instance of the veneration felt by Durham folk for their old castle, the Master of University College, the Rev. Henry Ellershaw, mentioned that a poor woman in the slums of the city had sent him 2s. 6d. towards the fund. A powerful appeal on its behalf has been made by the "North Mail and Newcastle Daily Chronicle," and the first response was an anonymous gift of £2500 from a Colonial visitor (a native of Durham county) as a tribute of loyal admiration for the King. "What fitter memorial," he wrote, "to the King's noble work in war and peace than to complete the restoration of Durham's Castle, standing as it does between North and South, a thing of beauty on one of the Seven Hills?" He described the Castle as not only "a casket of history," but also the home of "a living and educational ministry." Contributions may be sent to The Castle Restoration Fund, University Offices, 38, North Bailey, Durham.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

ABOUT O'CASEY'S "JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK."—FREDERICK HARRISON.

IN one week, on two consecutive days, I saw Tchekov's "Ivanov" and revisited "Juno and the Paycock," which, it is a joyful record, is packing the Royalty to overflowing. After all, our public is not quite so frivolous as some people would have us believe. If a play is really impressive and magnificently acted, as "Juno" is, it does not matter whether the ending is happy or the reverse: it depends upon the appeal to the human emotions. If the author—and his interpreters—can ring the common chord, can make the multitude feel what they feel, there is quick response. Now, what struck me most, when I saw the two plays in close succession, is the affinity between the Russian author and the young Irishman, who has only just begun his career. Both depict the milieu of which they write with obvious veracity; they neither blanch nor veneer; they are not afraid of exposing the weaknesses of their people. But, whilst Tchekov grinned, O'Casey smiles; whilst Tchekov saw drab, O'Casey sees silver linings in the clouds; whilst Tchekov was hard, O'Casey is tender. In both cases the end is tragic. Ivanov shoots himself, and thereby devastates the life of Sasha, who wanted him despite all his foibles. The Paycock, after having ruined his home and cut off his daughter, comes back to the empty place full of drink, and wails and spills inebriate tears not over his own fate or that of his family, but over the "chaos" of his country. In Ivanov the tragedy is direct; in O'Casey's play it is both direct and indirect. We think of the sadness of

become mellowed. Ivanov is a play of castigation; "Juno and the Paycock" is one of remonstrance, with a moral. I daresay that in Ireland his play might be tabooed—as "The Playboy" was at the time of

and he is one of the most competent of judges of Irish life; his word carries weight. "Juno and the Paycock" is great because it is true—because it is built up from the inwardness of one who loves and knows his people, and is not afraid to impart the fulness of his knowledge; because it was created for no ulterior motive connected with materialism; because it had to be written—under circumstances of stress and duress—to relieve a mind and heart in overflow.

The year 1926 marks a milestone in the career of Mr. Frederick Harrison: for it is thirty years since, at first in partnership with Mr. Cyril Maude, he became the lessee of London's noblest theatre, the Haymarket. He had already earned his spurs as an actor, and among his many parts one stands out in particular prominence. His Marquis de Candale in "A Marriage of Convenience," the late Sydney Grundy's delightful adaptation of the elder Dumas's "Un Mariage sous Louis XVI.," was a monumental figure, the typical *grand seigneur* of the period, a character which he graced with the precious qualities of diction, distinction, and exquisite urbanity of deportment. But soon he said farewell to the histrionic side, to devote himself entirely to management and, especially, to the propagation of English plays. In all respects his record is unique. There is, I believe, not another manager in the Metropolis who for thirty years has owned and ruled his theatre; nor is there one whose chain of success has been so firmly rivetted.



A FAMOUS MIMIC WHO HAS RECENTLY REAPPEARED ON THE LONDON STAGE—AT THE COLISEUM: MISS CECILIA LOFTUS.

its first production. The mirror is not everyone's friend. But whereas Tchekov dwells solely on the degeneracy of the Russian of his time, O'Casey never forgets to let us feel what he values in the characters of his people. There is something lovable in all of them—even when the surface is otherwise. There is nothing lovable in the Tchekov people; they are pitiable save one—Ivanov's wife—and of her we see so little; we know nothing of her attitude towards her husband before she became consumptive.

I say all this not to belittle the one nor to exalt the other dramatist. I merely have attempted to establish a sense of proportion. If Tchekov is considered a great playwright, then O'Casey, although we have seen but one play of his and the second is to come anon, promises to deserve this same appreciation. I heard Mr. T. P. O'Connor exclaim, "This is great!"



AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY," AT THE EVERYMAN THEATRE: MR. G. K. CHESTERTON. Mr. G. K. Chesterton is well known to the readers of this paper as the writer of "Our Note-Book." His popular story, "The Man Who Was Thursday," has been dramatised, and it was arranged to produce it at the Everyman Theatre on January 20.—[Photograph by Sasha.]



AUTHOR OF "THE CONSTANT NYMPH," TO BE STAGED AS "THE ASH GROVE": MISS MARGARET KENNEDY. Miss Margaret Kennedy's successful novel, "The Constant Nymph," we learn, is being dramatised for the stage by Mr. Basil Dean, under the title of "The Ash Grove."—[Photograph by Caswall Smith.]

Juno and her daughter great with child, and of the Paycock's remorse when he will awaken with a sore head and empty cupboard and nothing to live for—except more drink if he can get it. In Ivanov there is not a single note of consolation, not a single person who really merits our sympathy. O'Casey, however, leaves us two impressions of infinite pathos. In a welter of sordidness, we behold the mother imploring the Virgin for succour and mercy; and unforgettably rings out her answer to the plaint of her daughter that her child will have no father. "But it will have two mothers," she says, and it sounds in our ear and our heart as harps in the air.

That is the great gift of O'Casey. He who has suffered much, whose battle of life was as bitter as it was strenuous, has lost neither faith nor feeling. He would convince us of the true godliness that makes life worth living; the divine gifts of humour and of love. His humour is so sunny that it gilds the weaknesses and the vices of his characters; his belief in love is so great that the figure of Juno, the mother, rough-tongued but warm-hearted, overwhelms all the rest. That is Irish to the core. When all is said, he is a sentimentalist, in the higher, not the ballad-novelette sense of the word. He is wayward, flippant; he seems to make light of virtue as well as of vice—but that is merely the surface. Deep down there beats the heart, and in its beat there is fellow-feeling, pity, and the indefinable thing that makes all men kin. Tchekov—his life-story tells it—has been hardened by experience; O'Casey, although he does not care to obtrude it, has



LEADING ONE OF THE COMPANIES OF THE LENA ASHWELL PLAYERS: MISS ESME CHURCH.

Miss Esme Church is at present leading one company of the Lena Ashwell Players. Their headquarters are at the Century Theatre in Archer Street; the other two companies circulate among eleven suburban halls. Miss Church made her debut in Pinero's "Playgoers," at the St. James's. During the war she worked indefatigably with the company that entertained the troops.

His boast would be justified that at no London theatre has the native author enjoyed such preference. Here Barrie scored his greatest triumphs—and "Mary Rose" is coming back as I write. Here Milne found his springboard; here Ashley Dukes found a ready home and an unprecedented success with "The Man with a Load of Mischief"; here Harry Wall, too, with his "Havoc" firmly established his name. Mr. Harrison is one of the few who follow and profit by the work of the stage societies.

Thus the Haymarket has not only become famous as a home of the British dramatist; it is also renowned for the excellence of the performances. A refined mind is at work linked to a lavish hand. Mr. Harrison's friend and manager, one who for nearly the whole period of his control has been his right hand, Mr. Horace Watson, has the tact and manner of a born diplomatist; and to buy a ticket from Mr. Leverton at the box-office is a pleasure, not an ordeal, as at some theatres.

Of the master of the house, a scholar and a man of the world, and his ways, what could be more characteristic than this charming anecdote, which, if not true, is decidedly *ben trovato*. A little actress, tripping down the stairs from the manager's office with a beaming face, met a colleague. "You look chirrupy," the latter said. "I am sure you have got an engagement." "No," replied the other, "I haven't; but Mr. Harrison was so charming to me that he made me feel as happy as if he had given me one."

THE PEACE-TIME HOME OF A WAR-TIME ENTERPRISE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



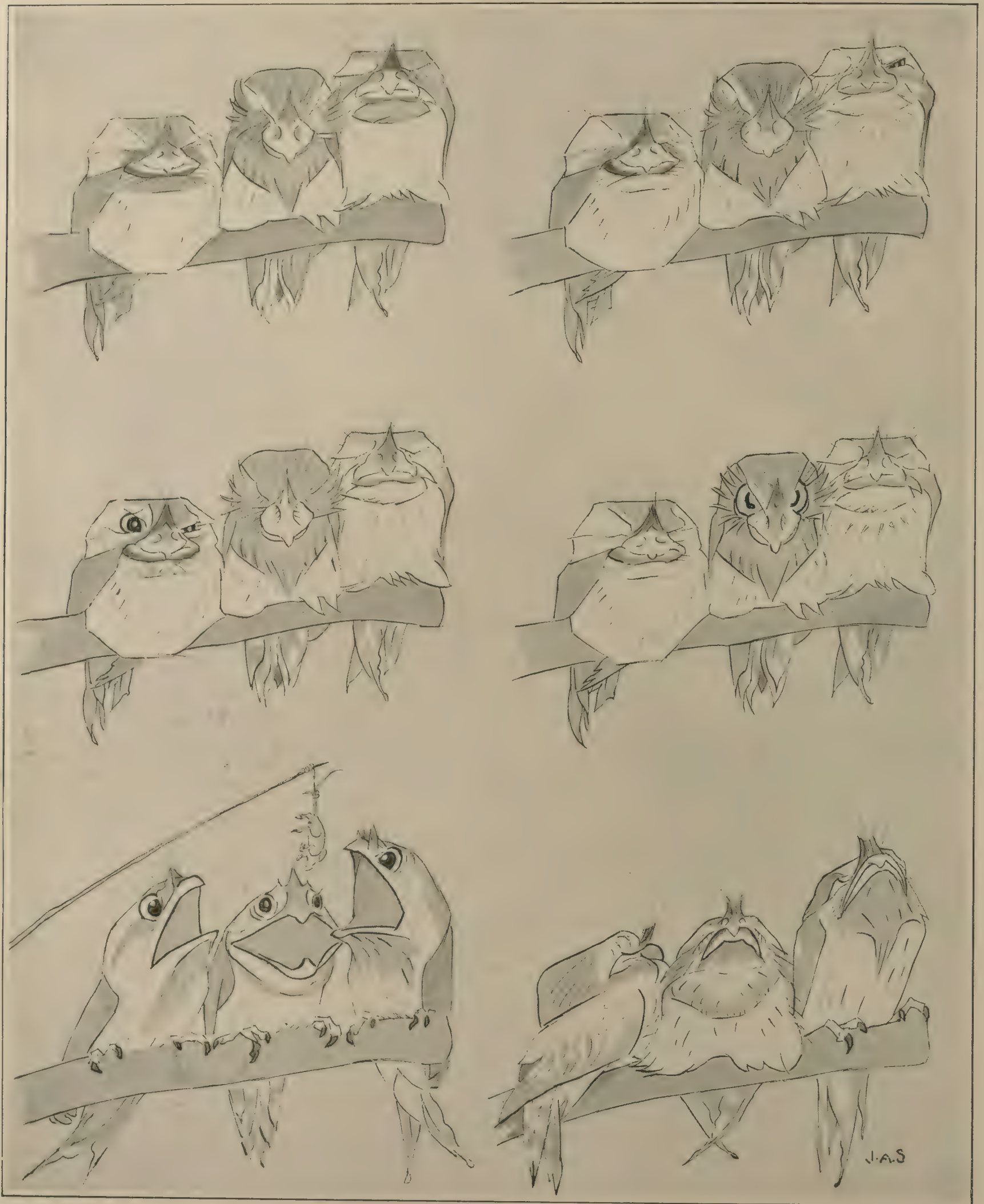
LONDON'S LITTLE REPERTORY THEATRE: AN *ENTR'ACTE* AT THE CENTURY, NOW THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LENA ASHWELL PLAYERS.

The Lena Ashwell Players were, of course, very well known at the Front in war time. Now they have a permanent home in London at the little Century Theatre in Archer Street, near Westbourne Grove, which bids fair to rival the Lyric at Hammersmith as a goal of pilgrimage for the enthusiastic and discriminating playgoer. Miss Ashwell's admirable enterprise has proved so successful that she now has three companies, which take it in turn to share the Century Theatre, and twelve suburban centres. As Mr. J. T. Grein said, in a recent issue of this paper,

"Hers is a valiant effort to endow London with a real repertory theatre," where the best plays of modern times are to be seen with West-End quality of acting and for moderate prices. Her spring season at the Century is in full swing. For January 25 there is a triple bill—Maeterlinck's "Tintagile," Lord Dunsany's "Fame and the Poet," and Tchekov's "The Proposal." On February 1 will be given Ian Hay's "Tilly of Eloomsbury." Further weekly fixtures for February, March, and April are announced in the Spring Programme."—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. IV.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



SLEEPY IN THEIR HABITS, PERHAPS THROUGH A DIET OF DORMICE: THE TAWNY FROG-MOUTHS (*PODARGUS STRIGOIDES*), FROM AUSTRALIA, ARE TEMPTED TO ASK FOR "MORE PORK."

"After many efforts to arouse the Podargus," writes Mr. J. A. Shepherd, "the bird on the right slowly scowled with a half-opened eye. By great persistence an eye and a half was obtained from the bird on the left. An inadvertent sneeze produced two open eyes from the centre slumberer—this was a considerable achievement, the keeper said. But our real desire was to view the open mouth, and this was brought about by the lure of a dead mouse. 'Frog-mouth' was obvious! An infant could have named them. On a further visit to interview the Frog-

mouths, there was a firmness in their sleep that plainly indicated an arrogant determination for slumber at all costs. (Perchance Frog-mouths feed on dormice in their natural habitat.) Gould, writing on the Australian species, says: 'So lethargic are its slumbers that it is almost impossible to awake it, and I have frequently shot one without disturbing its mate sitting close by.' Frog-mouths are strictly nocturnal in their habits." The "Century Dictionary" says that "*Podargus strigoides* is known to the colonists as 'More-pork,' from its cry."

THE "CRESTA RUN" OF PARLIAMENT HILL: TOBOGGANING AT HAMPSTEAD.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



WINTER SPORT ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH: AN ALPINE SCENE ON THE SLOPES OF PARLIAMENT HILL.

When Jack Frost came to town the other day, with a touch of his magic wand he converted the hills of Hampstead Heath into a miniature Switzerland and inaugurated a short season of winter sport. The snow during the week-end was comfortably thick, and thousands of people enjoyed the thrills of tobogganing. Parliament Hill, with its long rolling slopes, was the "Cresta Run" of the occasion, while other popular resorts were the steep descents from the Whitestone

Pond to the Vale of Health, on one side, and on the other to Child's Hill road. But all over the Heath, wherever the ground was suitable, the sport was in full swing. The toboggans ranged from the regulation Alpine type to improvised soap-boxes, or even tea-trays, and the costumes worn presented an equal variety. A few experts were going about on ski, but, save on the shallow Whitestone Pond itself, there was hardly any skating.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

NEWS FROM ABROAD: IRRIGATION AND EXCAVATION

PANORAMA OF THE MAKWAR DAM BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. S. PEARSON AND SON, THE CONTRACTORS.



THE GREATEST STRUCTURE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD: THE NEW MAKWAR DAM ON THE BLUE NILE, NEARLY TWO MILES LONG, PART OF THE £13,500,000 GEZIRA IRRIGATION SCHEME FOR THE CULTIVATION OF COTTON—



RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT SAKKARA, NEAR THE STEP PYRAMID, THE OLDEST STONE BUILDING IN THE WORLD: AN ENTRANCE COLONNADE TO THE PYRAMID ENCLOSURE (THIRD DYNASTY).



DESIGNED BY THE FIRST KNOWN ARCHITECT, IMHOTEP, AFTERWARDS CANONISED AND WORSHIPPED: THE BEAUTIFUL COLONNADE OF 48 COLUMNS IN PAIRS, DISCOVERED AT SAKKARA.



AN IRRIGATOR OF ANCIENT EGYPT: THE SILVER STATUETTE (8) IN. HIGH OF KING AMENEMHAT III., UTILISED AS A LEVER HANDLE TO INAUGURATE THE MAKWAR DAM AND PRESENTED TO LORD LLOYD AS A SOUVENIR.



WHERE THE SACRED BOAT OF OSIRIS, ON A SUBTERRANEAN MOAT, TOOK PART IN MYSTERIOUS RITES: THE OSIREON AT ABYDOS, NEAR THE TEMPLE OF SETI I.—NEW EXCAVATIONS.

The Makwar Dam (or Sennar Dam), which Lord Lloyd arranged to inaugurate on January 21, spans the Blue Nile at Makwar, some five miles south of Sennar, and 170 miles above Khartum, where the Blue Nile and the White Nile combine. Nearly two miles long and 90 ft. high, the Dam is the largest in the world. It provides water to irrigate the Gezira Plain, between the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, for cotton-growing over a vast area. The irrigation scheme includes over 9000 miles of canals. The total cost, including £4,000,000 for the Dam, was estimated at £13,500,000. It should be noted that, although in the panoramic photograph the Dam appears curved, it really runs in a straight line. No lens is large enough to take in the whole length at once. The silver statuette of Amenemhat III., presented to Lord Lloyd as a souvenir, formed a lever handle to start the sluice machinery. It was designed by Mr. Frank Bowcher, under the guidance of Dr. H. R. Hall, Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. Amenemhat III.

WORK IN EGYPT; ROME AND VENICE UNDER SNOW.

OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," B. CUCCIA, CAV. SCARABELLO GIOVANNI, P. AND A., AND DRUNI.



WHICH LORD LLOYD, BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR EGYPT AND THE SUDAN, ARRANGED TO INAUGURATE ON JANUARY 21, A PANORAMIC PHOTOGRAPH THAT MAKES THE DAM APPEAR CURVED, WHEREAS IT IS REALLY STRAIGHT.



AN UNCOMMON SIGHT IN ROME: SNOW ON THE RUINS OF THE FORUM, SHOWING THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX AND THE PALATINE, DURING THE RECENT SPELL OF SEVERE WEATHER IN ITALY.



AN UNUSUAL ASPECT OF THE ETERNAL CITY: SNOW UNDER THE PALMS IN THE PINCIO GARDENS AT ROME, AND THE SNOW-COVERED DOME OF ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE.



AN UNUSUAL ASPECT OF THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC: SNOW AT VENICE—THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK'S AND THE GREAT CAMPANILE, WHICH WAS RE-BUILT AFTER ITS FALL.

(about B.C. 2300) systematised the irrigation of Egypt, and made the great reservoir in the Fayyûm, known as Lake Moeris.—During excavations conducted by Mr. C. M. Firth for the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, at Sakkara, there has just been discovered a beautiful colonnade about 85 yards long, containing 48 white limestone columns in pairs. It was apparently the entrance to the enclosure surrounding the Step Pyramid, tomb of King "oser (Third Dynasty) and also resulted in very interesting discoveries. Dr. H. R. Hall, who has just returned from Abydos, says: "There is a sort of island in which the main pillars stand. This is surrounded by a narrow channel intended to contain water. On this the Nishmet, or sacred boat of Osiris, would have been drawn along when festivals of the underworld were celebrated."—As noted on our double-page of Vesuvius, snow recently fell in Italy as far south as Naples.



A SMOKING VOLCANO UNDER A MANTLE OF SNOW: AN UNUSUAL ASPECT OF THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS DURING ITS RECENT ACTIVITY.

Vesuvius, which of late has shown considerable activity, in the form of heavy explosions followed by flows of lava, was on January 12 covered by the heaviest fall of snow experienced for many years. "Italy from Turin to Naples," wrote the Rome correspondent of the "Morning Post," "is under a mantle of snow—even bubbling Vesuvius is white. Rome presents a most unusual sight with snow-capped palm trees in the gardens, with the Forum ruins studded black and white, and with the streets covered with frozen slush. The whole country shivers in a temperature below zero." The activity of the volcano had

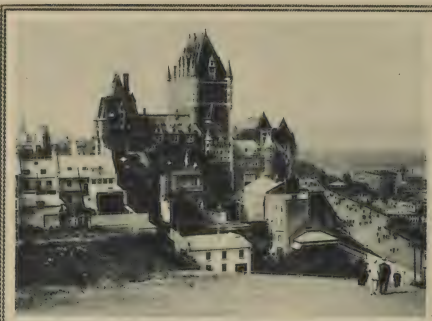
begun about a week before the snow-fall. A Reuter message of January 6 from Naples said: "A large crack has suddenly appeared in the western side of the crater of Vesuvius, and lava is pouring down the mountain side. Near the base of the volcano on the northern slope another crack has also appeared, while in the interior of the volcano the sound of violent explosions can be heard." Our photograph, which shows the smoking cone inside the crater, was taken by a photographer who made the ascent of the mountain on horseback in a snowstorm.—[PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.]

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., G.P.A., ALPIERI,



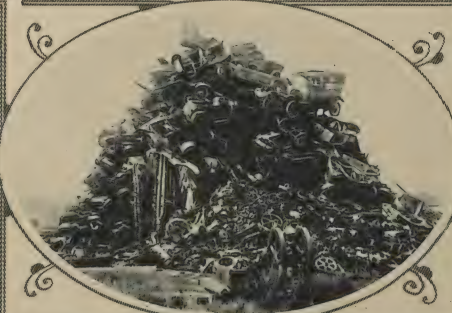
WHERE UNIVERSITY AND PUBLIC SCHOOL MEN WITH CAPITAL ARE TO LEARN AUSTRALIAN FARMING METHODS: LYNFORD HALL, NORFOLK.



FIRE AT A WORLD-FAMOUS HOTEL: THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC, WHICH HAS BEEN PARTIALLY BURNT OUT.



A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER WHICH COULD NOT BE LAUNCHED, AS IT WAS FROZEN TO THE SLIPWAY: THE "AMAZON," AT WOOLSTON, SOUTHAMPTON.



SCRAPPED IN THE COUNTRY MOST OVER-RUN WITH CARS: OUT-OF-DATE MOTOR-CARS READY TO BE SET ON FIRE AT SALT LAKE CITY.



SUGGESTING A MOBILE VACUUM-CLEANER IN USE! THE MOTOR-CAR OF A TRAVELLING X-RAY APPARATUS; SHOWING THE CABLE PASSING INTO THE HOUSE.



MADE POSSIBLE BY THE TRAVELLING X-RAY APPARATUS: A PATIENT IT WAS INADVISABLE TO MOVE BEING X-RAYED IN HIS HOME.

EVENTS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

P. AND A., TOPICAL, AND AS ZET.



CIVIL WAR IN CHINA: BURNING PAPER OFFERINGS TO THE GODS BEFORE THE COFFIN OF AN OFFICER KILLED IN BATTLE IN CHIHMI PROVINCE.



A FAMOUS LANDMARK A VICTIM TO A STORM: FRISTON MILL, NEAR EASTBOURNE, AT 11.15 A.M. AND AT 3 P.M. ON THE DAY IT WAS BLOWN DOWN.



AS WORN BY ALL RANKS: RINGS OF FUR USED AS EAR-MUFFS BY TROOPS ENGAGED IN THE CIVIL WARFARE IN CHINA.



THE REMARKABLE AFFAIR OF THE FORGED FRENCH BANK-NOTES—AN ALLEGED HUNGARIAN MONARCHIST CONSPIRACY: ACCUSED PERSONAGES CONVEYED TO PRISON AT BUDAPEST.



A MEAL FOR ONE OF THE ACCUSED: PRINCE LOUIS WINDISCH-GRAETZ'S CHAUFFEUR TAKES HIS MASTER'S DINNER TO HIM IN PRISON.



THE REMARKABLE AFFAIR OF THE FORGED FRENCH BANK-NOTES: WHERE THE REMAINS OF A PRESS, SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED FOR THE FORGERIES, WERE FOUND AT BUDAPEST.



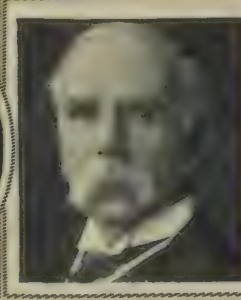
WHERE, IT WAS ALLEGED, SOME OF THE BANK-NOTES WERE PRINTED: THE CARTOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE OF BUDAPEST, WHICH WAS A SCENE OF ARDORITE INVESTIGATIONS.

Lynford Hall has been turned into a Farm Training College, where Australian farming methods will be taught to prospective emigrants. A condition of entrance is that each student must be prepared to land in Australia with at least £250.—The fire which broke out on January 14 in the old tower of the Château Frontenac Hotel, Quebec, destroyed the older part of the building. The damage is estimated at about \$400,000. Repairs have already begun. The hotel stands at the north end of the DuRoi Terrace, a great wooden platform which is a magnificent promenade.—Friston Mill, which stood on the crest of the Sussex Downs, about four miles from Eastbourne, was a favourite subject for artists. There is little hope that it will be reconstructed.—On January 16 an attempt was made to launch the new torpedo-boat destroyer "Amazon" from the yard of Messrs. J. I. Thornycroft and Co., at Woolston, Southampton. It was found, however, that the vessel was frozen to the slipway and she could not be moved.—The cars shown at Salt Lake City were burned and the

metal from them was salvaged.—Extreme interest has been aroused on the Continent by what is known as "The Forged Bank-Notes Affair," which concerns certain Hungarian forgeries of French bank-notes. There have been various arrests. Amongst those imprisoned is Prince Louis Windisch-Graetz, and it has been stated that he has confessed to having financed the counterfeit-notes campaign on patriotic grounds. It is alleged that the plot was designed to raise funds for a Monarchist restoration in favour of the ex-Archduke Albert.—The mobile X-ray car is of obvious value, for it enables patients to be radiographed at home when it is inadvisable that they should be moved. The car having arrived at the house, the X-ray apparatus is taken to the room in which the patient is lying. The cable is then hauled in and the connections are made. The operator telephones working instructions to the car driver. The back of the car is arranged as a dark room, and there negatives are developed.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, L.N.A., P. AND A., S. AND G.; SWAINE, AND TOPICAL.

CENTRE OF MEDICAL
CONTROVERSY:
DR. F. W. AXHAM.A NOTED PAINTER:
THE LATE MR. G. H.
SWINSTEAD, R.I.TO MEET Mlle.
LENGLEN:
MISS HELEN WILLS.RECALLED: PRINCE
A. BIBESCO, RUMANIAN
MINISTER TO U.S.A.EX-CHAIRMAN, L.C.C.:
THE LATE SIR MEL-
VILL BEACHCROFT.SUED BY R.S.P.C.A.:
CAPT. ROBERT GEE,
V.C., M.P.THE WELSH "RUGGER" TEAM: (L. TO R.) BACK ROW—MR. W. H. ACTON
(REFEREE), T. LEWIS, BRYN PHILLIPS, D. M. JENKINS, S. HINAM, S. HERRERA,
J. H. JOHN, MR. A. WYNDHAM JONES (TOUCH JUDGE); (SITTING) D. JONES,
G. ANDREWS, A. STOCK, W. ROWE HARDING (CAPTAIN), R. A. CORNISH,
D. B. EVANS, T. HOPKINS; (ON GROUND) R. JONES, W. J. DELAHAYTHE ENGLISH "RUGGER" TEAM: (L. TO R.) BACK ROW—MR. ACTON (REF.), R. G.
HANVEY, E. STANBURY, H. C. BURTON, H. G. PERITON, H. C. CATCHESIDE, H. J.
KITTERMASER, AND ENG.-COM. S. F. COOPER (SEC., RUGBY UNION); (MID. ROW) A.
ROBSON, J. S. TUCKER, A. T. VOYCE, W. W. WAKEFIELD, W. E. G. LUDDINGTON, R.
H. HAMILTON-WICKS, A. R. ASLETT; (ON GROUND) T. E. S. FRANCIS, J. R. B. WORTON.THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF BENGAL:
THE LATE LORD CARMICHAEL.FORMERLY HOME SECRETARY:
THE LATE VISCOUNT CHILSTON.SENIOR MEMBER FOR CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY: THE LATE MR. J. F. P.
RAWLINSON, K.C., M.P.THE NEW BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL:
THE REV. B. O. F. HEYWOOD.THE MAN WHO SOUNDED THE "CEASE FIRE" AT THE ARMISTICE
GIVEN THE LEGION OF HONOUR: EX-CORPORAL SELLIER.

The General Medical Council recently declined to restore Dr. Axham's name to the Register, and a committee of well-known men is taking up his case. He was struck off in 1911 for assisting Sir (then Mr.) Herbert Barker, the manipulative surgeon.—Mr. G. H. Swinstead first exhibited at the Academy in 1882.—Miss Helen Wills arrived in Paris on the 15th *en route* for the Riviera, where it is expected that she will play Mlle. Lenglen at Nice on February 1.—Prince Antoine Bibesco, who had been Rumanian Minister at Washington since 1920, is a son-in-law of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith.—Sir Melvill Beachcroft was an original member of the London County Council

in 1888, and was Chairman in 1909.—Captain Gee was recently served with a writ on behalf of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals claiming damages for alleged slander in statements about the Society, and a film of the export trade in horses.—The Wales v. England "Rugger" match is illustrated on p. 131.—Lord Carmichael was Governor successively of Victoria (1908-11), Madras (1911-12), and Bengal (1912-17).—Lord Chilston (then Mr. Akers-Douglas) was Home Secretary in 1902-6.—Mr. Rawlinson last year held the inquiry into the arrest of Major Sheppard.—Bishop Heywood has since 1917 been Vicar of Leeds.—Corporal Sellier has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

WHERE "MOANA OF THE SOUTH" WAS FILMED: A SAMOAN IDYLL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCES HUBBARD FLAHERTY. BY COURTESY OF ASIA MAGAZINE, NEW YORK.

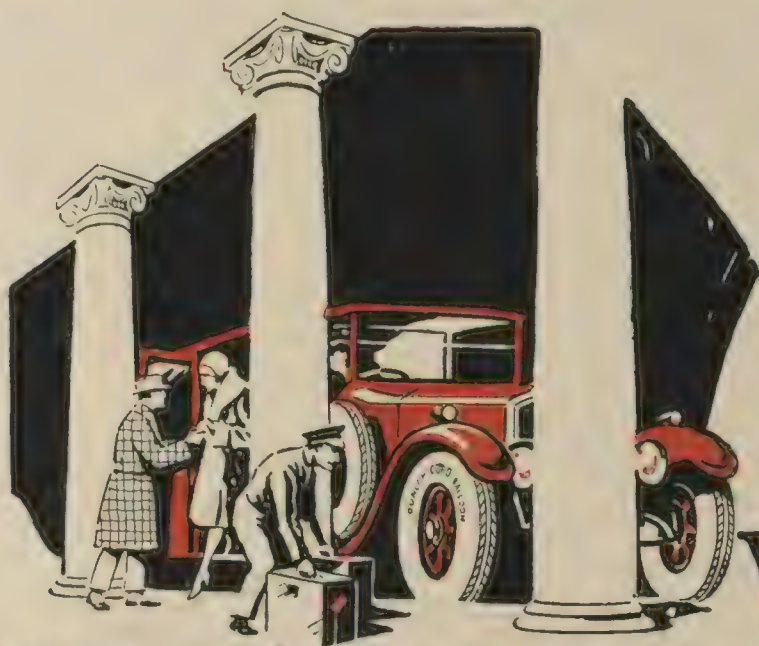


BESIDE A BLUE LAGOON IN THE ISLAND OF SAVAI'I, THE TRADITIONAL "CRADLE" OF THE POLYNESIAN RACE:
CHILDREN OF NATURE IN PERFECT HARMONY WITH THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

This idyllic photograph illustrated an article by Frances Hubbard Flaherty, in ASIA Magazine, describing life in Samoa during the making of the new Flaherty film, "Moana of the South," a natural drama on the lines of Robert Flaherty's "Nanook of the North." "The story," we read, "throws a new light—not seen in Stevenson, or Gauguin, or O'Brien—on these simple children of the South Seas. The Flahertys, that is, were with them not merely as observers, nor yet alone as

friends, but as friends working hard and intimately with friends." They chose as their scene Savai'i, one of the Samoan islands, where the Polynesian spirit is still strong, rather than Tahiti or the Marquesas with their degenerate or dying races. "In perfect harmony with their surroundings," says a note on the photograph, "are these children of nature, who know nothing of any world outside their island. Here, tradition says, was the actual centre of dispersion of the Polynesian race."

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HATRED BETWEEN PEOPLES.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

"EUROPE is a volcano of national hatreds: that is the cruel truth. Each people believes itself to be in the position of Abel threatened by Cain. Each people has its 'hereditary enemy' whom it detests, and by whom it is detested. The friends of peace and diplomatic conferences waste their time: no power of sentiment or reasoning will triumph over these indestructible feelings of hatred."

These are the objections which scepticism specially delights to put forward, in order to discourage those who believe in the pacification of Europe. They say that

hate each other for the simple pleasure of doing each other harm, because the historical cause of their sentiments is often difficult to discover. A characteristic example of this confusion is furnished us by the attacks of Gallophobia which break out from time to time in Italy. The natural boundaries between France and Italy are sufficiently precise and solid to prevent serious disagreements. From 1815 till 1918, in the course of a century, the two countries have twice over been allied; and they never made war upon each other, unless it is desired to call by this name the little expedition to Rome in 1849. It is even exaggerated to say that they were at war before 1815, for the French armies of the Revolution had to fight in Italy chiefly against the armies of the Holy Roman Empire. The only Italian power which

irritated in the nineteenth century, especially with regard to everything connected with France. Throughout the century Italian opinion was periodically shaken by attacks of Gallophobia, whose violence was often without any

proportion to the incidents which had provoked them. These attacks, although they have become more feeble and less frequent, have not yet entirely ceased; and the French are very much surprised when they become aware of them, for they seem to them inexplicable. Have not relations between the two countries been continuously friendly for more than a century? If sentiments exist which appear to prove the possibility of an instinctive, primordial, enmity between two nations independent of historical events, they are those inexplicable attacks of Gallophobia.

But Italian Gallophobia seems independent of historical events only because we have forgotten its cause. I have already said that Gallophobia did not exist in Italy before the French Revolution. It broke out and became a sort of periodical fever after 1815. Why? Because it was the reaction of the national spirit from the French domination of the beginning of the nineteenth century.

One may be surprised that the reaction lasted so long, and that to a certain extent it still continues, even after the lapse of a century. Bonaparte, the Cisalpine Republic, the Kingdom of Italy, Murat, the occupation of Rome, seem very far off in history! But if all these events are forgotten in Italy, their effects are still felt, because the French domination, in less than twenty years, effected a revolution which was without precedent in the history of Italy. Nearly all the States disappeared in order to make room for new creations, republics or kingdoms; all the old aristocratic organisations of the Peninsula were destroyed in a few years. The power of the Church received a mortal blow. Power and culture passed into the hands of new classes. Fortunes were dispersed. The Church was almost completely despoiled. Many ancient families were beggared; the new-rich were multiplied. Manners and ideas were almost entirely changed; nearly all the ancient industries disappeared; the little centres which had been so brilliant under the old régime began to decline, and a few great towns reaped the advantage. The population suddenly found itself faced with new obligations, such as military service, and enormous fiscal charges, which were to be compensated by the benefits bestowed by a political organisation which they did not really understand.

When the Directory plunged deeply into Italian affairs, they did not foresee that such an upheaval would be the result of their policy. Bonaparte had no more accurate idea when he crossed the Alps. That upheaval was one of the innumerable surprises which history prepares for humanity. But it was destined to leave terrific rancour behind it. As always happens, that immense revolution, which came from outside, and which the country endured without having desired it, foreseen it, or prepared for it, had its victims and its favoured ones. But if the victims hated the country which had been the instrument of destiny to accomplish this enormous change, it could not count on the gratitude of the beneficiaries when the Napoleonic régime broke down.

(Continued on page 156)



HEAD OF THE ITALIAN WAR DEBT MISSION TO LONDON: COUNT VOLPI, MINISTER OF FINANCE, WHO AS GOVERNOR OF TRIPOLI, INSTITUTED EXCAVATIONS AT SABRATHA, NOW NAMED AFTER HIM SABRATHA VULPIA.

Count Volpi recently came to London to discuss the settlement of Italy's War Debt to Great Britain. He is not only eminent in politics and finance, but, when Governor of Tripoli, proved himself a lover of art and antiquity. The excavations at Sabratha, here illustrated, were due to his initiative, and the city has been named after him, Sabratha Vulpia.—[Photograph by C.N.]

The two countries, therefore, ought always to have been friends.

This has not been the case. Although during the eighteenth century no trace of Gallophobia could be found in Italy, the public spirit became very



RE-NAMED SABRATHA VULPIA, AFTER COUNT VOLPI. THE ANCIENT ROMAN CITY OF SABRATHA, IN TRIPOLI—RUINS OF THE CAPITOL, EXCAVATED UNDER HIS ADMINISTRATION.

Professor Halbherr recalls that Count Volpi, as Governor of Tripoli last year, inaugurated the new Italian settlement at Sabratha, with the name of Sabratha Vulpia, one of the westernmost stations of a new railway from Tripoli to the Tunisian frontier. The ancient buildings excavated under his auspices included a great Roman temple—the capitol of the city—the Amphitheatre, and the Thermæ (Baths).

nations are designed to hate each other, and that war is an almost necessary organic explosion. It is impossible to deny the existence in Europe of deep and tenacious national hatreds. Although we personify nations rather too much by attributing to France, Germany, Italy, and England the capacity for willing, loving, and hating which belongs to living persons, these collective hatreds do exist, and sometimes become formidable historic forces, even if the France, England, Germany, and Italy of whom we are speaking are only vague abstractions. Without being susceptible to precise localisation, these states of mind exist everywhere, and they sometimes concentrate themselves in irresistible impulses: the World War has proved this. But if these collective states of mind can be a danger to peace, is it correct to say that they are a permanent and almost organic cause of war, from which the peoples cannot escape?

Would it not be more accurate to say that they are chiefly the effect of the wars which have been fought in Europe since the French Revolution?—that they are connected, not with a Satanic necessity of human nature, but with historical events the action of which on the national consciousness is limited by time?

Many persons have ended by believing that the peoples of Europe



DISCOVERED IN THE GREAT THERMÆ AT SABRATHA VULPIA, ON THE COAST WEST OF TRIPOLI: ONE OF THE FINEST ROMAN MOSAIC PAVEMENTS FOUND IN NORTH AFRICA.

"The large mosaic pavement in the principal room of the Thermæ," writes Professor Halbherr, "is a fresh work to be added to the masterpieces of that art in North Africa." Sabratha, he recalls, was founded by the Phœnicians, and after the fall of Carthage became a flourishing Roman colony. It was the birthplace of Flavia Domitilla, the first wife of Vespasian and mother of Titus and Domitian.—[Photographs supplied by Professor F. Halbherr.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THERE will be a pre-Easter season in town after the opening of Parliament on Feb. 2. The Marchioness of Londonderry usually leads off with a reception to meet the Prime Minister the previous evening, and is almost sure to do so this year. It is to the good to know that Lord and Lady Londonderry will be more with us now that he has done his work in the Northern Ireland Government, and things are so settled there that further progress and prosperity should be easy. The three Courts are believed to be dated for after Easter, but the King and Queen will be in town for a considerable time up to Easter. The outlook is good on the coming year; we can but hope that nothing will upset it. We have to live from day to day now, and hope for the best in these times when we all seek peace and there is no peace.

Mrs. John Molesworth St. Aubyn, a recent bride, is a delightful type of a pretty, happy, healthy English girl, apparently quite unconscious of her own good looks. She is tall with blonde *cendrée* hair, and has laughing grey-blue eyes. Her uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Portarlington, are very much attached to her. The bridegroom belongs to an old Cornish family, and, as his bride is on her mother's side Irish, there is probably some of the Celt in each—by no means a bad heritage. The first known Molesworth went with Edward I. to the Holy Land: the family is of similar origin to that of Lord Molesworth. Mrs. John Molesworth St. Aubyn has two pretty sisters. Her only sister-in-law is the wife of Captain Charles Lloyd, and she has two brothers-in-law. Lady Molesworth St. Aubyn was a daughter of Admiral Charles Wake, of the family of which Sir Hereward is head, so it was a union of two old Saxon families.

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Evan Talbot was a lengthy if very interesting ceremony. There were two anthems—hymns not usually heard at weddings, and the Archbishop of York gave a long address. The bridegroom and bride are young and good-looking,

and seemingly have many friends, for the church was almost full. The distinguished Lyttelton family was well represented, as were the Talbots. The bride's mother was the head of the W.A.A.C's for



WITH A CAIRN TERRIER WHICH IS A GREAT PET OF HER CHILDREN: PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES—A NEW AND CHARMING PORTRAIT.

Photograph by Speaight.

a time during the war, and was drowned when the boat in which she was returning from France was torpedoed. Mr. Talbot is a member of the family of which young Lord Shrewsbury is head. His sister will be a *débutante* of this season. Her mother, Lady Winifred Pennoyer, has a house in town, and intends to take her out.

Lord and Lady Galloway do not seem at all disappointed that their baby is a girl: they are very proud of the little blue-eyed mite, who is the Lady Antonia Marion Amy Isabel Stewart. She is blissfully unconscious of her weight of names and dignity, and is worshipped by her family. Amy Lady Galloway is a very young-looking grandmother—following in this respect a prevailing fashion. She is a daughter of Mr. John Cliffe, of Bellevue, Co. Wexford, and is slight, good to look at, and very pleased with her first grandchild. Lady Galloway had for one of the sponsors Mr. Arthur Wendell, her uncle, a well-known American professor, who was very good to his nephews and nieces after their father's death. Mr. and Mrs. Percival Griffiths (who was a god-mother) were also most kind to them.

It must be an odd sensation to be confronted with oneself as one appeared ten or twenty-five years ago. It is one afforded to many very well-known people by the Sargent pictures at the Academy. It seems that the originals are more attractive now than then. It was possible to compare many of them with their portraits at the private view, which, as a social function, almost equalled that for the Summer Exhibition. In the case of our sex, dress and coiffures were in so many cases old-fashioned that there was not the fascination of modernism. Where, however, the greater difference lay was in the gain of character in the faces. Those unlined and of bright outlook were attractive, but now, with the influences of our great discipline upon them, they were more interesting and arresting.

The Countess of Oxford, who came with Lady Ribblesdale to the private view, was saddened, she said, as well as interested. There was so much to remind her acutely of the Edwardian and late Victorian times, brilliant and exclusive as society will never be again—not that Lady Oxford is at all regretting the

many ways in which it is expanding and progressing. Mr. Augustine Birrell, with his picturesque head, was easily distinguished in the crowd. That gentle and sweet-natured looking lady, Katharine Duchess of Westminster, was there, as was art-loving Susan Duchess of Somerset; the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, herself an amateur artist of no mean talent; and the Duchess of St. Albans, daughter of that witty Irishman of whom those who remember mid-Victorian days still speak with admiration and affection, Mr. Bernal Osborne. The Duchess of Wellington was escorted by her son, Lord Gerald Wellesley, who is studying architecture. Although Sargent never got to the bobbed, shingled, or Eton heads for ladies, he did, in the Marchioness of Cholmondeley's latest portrait—there are five of her in the exhibition—get modern hair-dressing and modern dress with a touch of Oriental richness in character with face and figure. Sir Ian Hamilton is a handsomer and more powerful-looking man now than in Sargent's 1898 portrait of him. Lady Astor took a young son with her to see her portrait, and his opinion was that it wasn't half good enough for his mother. Nevertheless, it is the portrait of a very pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, with love of life and laughter in her face. Princess Helena Victoria, with Miss Du Cane in attendance, made quite a long stay. Lady Lewis, widow of the late Sir George Lewis, a vivacious French lady, who came in cheery and bright, had a collapse, I believe, from a heart attack, and was carried out, poor lady, looking very different. I hope she is quite over it now.

The Americans have in the wife of their President a charming looking woman, and said to be to the full



THE CAIRN TERRIER AS COURT FAVOURITE: "ROYAL FRIENDS"—THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS DOG—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.

Our readers will remember that this portrait of the Prince and his favourite dog was given as a colour-plate with our Christmas Number. We reproduce it here as a companion picture to the new photograph of Princess Mary given on this page.

as charming as she looks. She dresses well, never in any extreme. Her pretty hair is waved and always neatly dressed, and she wears little or no jewellery as a general rule. Her tastes are simple, albeit she is clever, well-read, and interested in the questions of the day. She is a skilled knitter, and keeps her boy in fancy plus-four stockings and her husband nearly in socks—he buys some, as they are almost as tempting to men as silk stockings to us. Everyone likes Mrs. Coolidge, although her lead is an unconscious one. She takes her place as first lady of America quite naturally and with dignity, but is averse from all forms of self-advertisement. A. E. L.



PRESENTED WITH A SACK OF SUGAR AND A SILVER FLAGON BY THE GROCERS' COMPANY: MR. W. L. FARRER AND HIS BRIDE (MISS POLLOCK) AT THE RECEPTION IN GROCERS' HALL AFTER THEIR WEDDING. Mr. Walter Leslie Farrer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Farrer, of Binnegar Hall, Dorset, and Miss Marjorie Pollock, daughter of Sir Ernest Pollock, Master of the Rolls, were married on January 16 at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, and Lady Pollock held the wedding reception at Grocers' Hall. Sir Ernest Pollock, who has just been made a peer (in the New Year Honours), was Master of the Grocers' Company in 1923-4. He is seen in our photograph just to the left of the bridegroom. The Company's wedding gifts were a George III. silver flagon and a 100-lb. sack of sugar. [Photograph by C.N.]

MONTE CARLO

as a
CENTRE OF ARTS



"**L**E Roi est mort, vive le Roi!" Mr. René Blum, who has managed to stage the most interesting and artistic Comedy Season, has now handed over the directorial sceptre to Serge de Diaghileff and Raoul Gunsbourg. The former, in his capacity of Managing Director of the Russian Ballet, has arranged an elaborate and well-selected programme with no fewer than four creations and sixteen revivals chosen among the usual repertory as those that rank highest in public favour. This bill has been submitted to and accepted by H.S.H. the Hereditary Princess of Monaco, who is an enthusiast and no mean judge in terpsichorean art, and who very graciously patronises these ever-charmingly graceful performances, which will run as follows:—

CREATIONS IN MONTE CARLO.

Les Matelots—"The Sailors"—first time; ballet by Kochno; music by G. Auric; choreography by L. Massine; scenery and costumes by P. Truna. *Barabau*—"Creation"; a one-act ballet; music by V. Rieti. *Le Chant du Rossignol*—"The Nightingale's Song"—first time; ballet in two scenes; music by I. Stravinsky; choreography by P. Balanchine; scenery, costumes and stage drop by Henri Matisse. *Zephyr and Flora*; first time; ballet by B. Kochno; music by W. Dukelsky; choreography by L. Massine; entirely novel scenery.

REVIVALS.

L'Oiseau de Feu—"The Bird of Fire"—music by Stravinsky. *Les Tentations de la Bergère*—"The Shepherdess's Temptations." *La Boutique Fantastique*—"The Toy Shop." *Les Biches*; *Les Fâcheux*; *Petrouchka*; *Le Lac des Cygnes*—"The Swans' Lake"; *Cimarosiana*; *Narcisse*; *Les Femmes de Bonne Humeur*; *Le Tricorne*; *Les Contes Russes*; *Le Carnaval*; *Le Mariage d'Aurore*—"Aurora's Wedding"—*Les Sylphides*; *Les Danses du Prince Igor*. These attractive and artistic

Ballets will take place between Jan. 17 and May 9. Seats can be booked from the Theatre Secretaryship, and from the Theatre booking-office in the Casino atrium.

Grand Opera is always one of the main.



THE FAMOUS THEATRE AT MONTE CARLO.

features of social life in the Principality. Mr. Raoul Gunsbourg, who has been in charge of this all-important item for a great many years, will present us with one of the most artistically selected programmes, which, in conjunction with the Russian ballet festivities, will cover four months of this winter's season. They will commence on January 26 and end on April 4, with four productions each week—

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, and Sunday matinées—and will run as follows:—

CREATIONS.

Le Chevalier à la Rose—"Rosenkavalier"—Richard Strauss. *L'Hivondelle*—"The Swallow"—by Giacomo Puccini; poem Milliet. *Jeanne d'Arc*—"Joan of Arc"—Gounod. *Judith*; poem by de Morax; music by Honegger. *Nazareth*; Vittadini.

REPERTORY.

Carmen; Bizet. *Pelléas et Mélisande*; Debussy. *Fah-Yen-Fah*; Croker and Redding. *Lakmé*; Delibes. *André Chenier*; Giordano. *Faust*; Gounod. *Manon*; *Thaïs*; *Werther*; Massenet. *Pagliacci*; Leoncavallo. *Boris Goudounoff*; Moussorgsky. *The Tales of Hoffmann*; Offenbach. *La Tosca*; *Madame Butterfly*; *The Girl of the Golden West*; Puccini. *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*—"The Child and Witchcraft"—Ravel. *Aïda*; Verdi. *La Valkyrie*; Wagner.

ARTISTES.

(Names given in Alphabetical Order.)

Sopranos—Mlles. Bonavia, Bourdon, Ritter Ciampi, Dazavedo, Ferrer, Yvonne Gall, Jeumard, Germaine Lubin, Claudia Muzio, Seyman, Yakovleva, Andrée Vally, Weitt. Mezzo-sopranos and Contraltos—Mlles. Landral Dubois-Lauger, Richardson, Salvadori. Tenors—Messrs. Dubois, Ivor Thomas. Baritone-Basses—Messrs. Fabert, Franz, Friant, Lappas, Maison, Ceresole, Lafont, Laskin, Lubin, Tilkin, Servais, Vanni-Marcoux.

First Orchestra Conductors—Messrs. Léon Jehin, Vittorio de Sabata. Second Orchestra Conductor—M. Marc-César Scotto. Choirs Conductor—M. Amedoe de Sabata.

Seats can be booked from the Theatre Secretaryship, and also from the Casino booking office in the Atrium. Charges are as follows: Ticket for the whole season—forty performances—30 francs the seat. Weekly ticket—one performance each week—35 francs the seat. For each separate performance, 40 francs the seat.



Fashions & Fancies

Frivolities which
Make all the
Difference.

The really serious work of the sales is almost over. Women have replenished their wardrobes with the necessary frocks and coats

chosen with great care, and there remains a week in which to revel amongst those frivolous accessories which happily the sales bring within the reach of the most restricted pockets. The group pictured on the top of this page would captivate the heart of every lover of pretty things, and each can be secured for very moderate prices just now. Chubby umbrellas, for instance, with amusingly painted handles, can be found marked as modestly as 5s. 11d., while many shops have counters of 10s. bags which include such fascinating varieties as those illustrated. Ribbons for lingerie, frocks, and hats are available at incredibly low sums, particularly if one invests in a complete roll of many yards; and scarves and gloves, of which one can never have too many, are so inexpensive that the far-sighted economist will secure now enough for her spring and summer wardrobes. And everyone who is Southward bound should look out for light washing frocks, which are offered in some instances from 10s. each; while prizes in knitted sports accessories can be discovered everywhere by the keen bargain-hunter.

New Hats for
North and South.

Everyone is anxiously waiting to see the new fashions in hats for London and the Riviera. So far,

they have not yet crystallised into a definite mode, and, as the three attractive affairs pictured below prove, you may follow to a great extent your own inclination. They were sketched at Henry Heath's, 105, Oxford Street, W., who, in addition to their extensive choice of models, will make hats in any size, colouring, and design. On the left is a periwinkle-blue felt with the brim and side trimming carried out in the brushed variety. Next is a small brown satin hat trimmed with a feather mount in shaded coral tints, and below a black velvet stitched beret for town and country. Another fashionable affair is of brown satin with the coronet brim decorated with coloured ribbons to take the place of flowers. Naturally, this firm's well-known sports felts, ranging from 30s., are indispensable

at every season of the year, and new spring colours are already available.

Tailored Suits
for the Spring.

As soon as the weather gets warmer, plain tailored

suits are always well to the fore. The season's advance models show a tendency towards shorter coats, and the materials are patterned ones used reverse-ways to give an impression of decorative strappings and trimmings without actually varying the material. Two typical models are those pictured on this page, perfectly cut by H. J. Nicoll, of 114, Regent Street, W. It must be noted that this firm will make costumes to measure in tweeds and Saxony-finished cloths from 7 guineas upwards, and two-piece models from 12 guineas. Riding habits, astride, are also available from 12 guineas upwards, and the new Sylvera weather-proof coat for town and country wear is 6 guineas. For travelling, the Nicoll marl fleece coat, from 6 guineas, which is the essence of warmth and lightness, is an ideal wrap.

"4711" for
Health and
Fragrance.

The wisdom passed down to us by our grandmothers has made everyone familiar with "4711"

Eau-de-Cologne, whose virtues are old and its uses ever new. Such is the purity of this famous brand that a few drops sprinkled in the bath will soothe and beautify the skin, while a massage with it afterwards invigorates the entire system and imparts a delightful feeling of well-being. In cases of headache, a little dabbed on the temples, or even inhaled will bring relief, and in the sick-room "4711" clarifies instantly the atmosphere. With these manifold virtues, in addition to its obvious use as a perfume which never palls, "4711" is indispensable to every fastidious woman. It is obtainable from all chemists and stores from 2s. 6d. upwards, and there is also a complete series of "4711" toilet accessories, including soap, 2s. per box of three tablets; cold cream, and vanishing cream at 1s. 6d. and 1s. a jar respectively.

For Shingled and
Bobbed Hair.

There is no doubt that shingled or bobbed hair waved is more becoming to the majority of faces than straight locks. And even persistently straight hair can be made to look naturally wavy without causing inconvenience to the busiest woman by the simple means of using Hinde's Hair Wavers, which are easy to manipulate, effective, and very inexpensive. Pattern No. 4, "without heat," costs only 1s. 6d. a card of four; and No. 6, for quick waving "with heat," is 1s. 6d. a card of three. They are obtainable from all stores, drapers, and hairdressers, and well merit a trial by everyone who takes a pride in her coiffure.

Short Hair
Should be Well
Brushed.

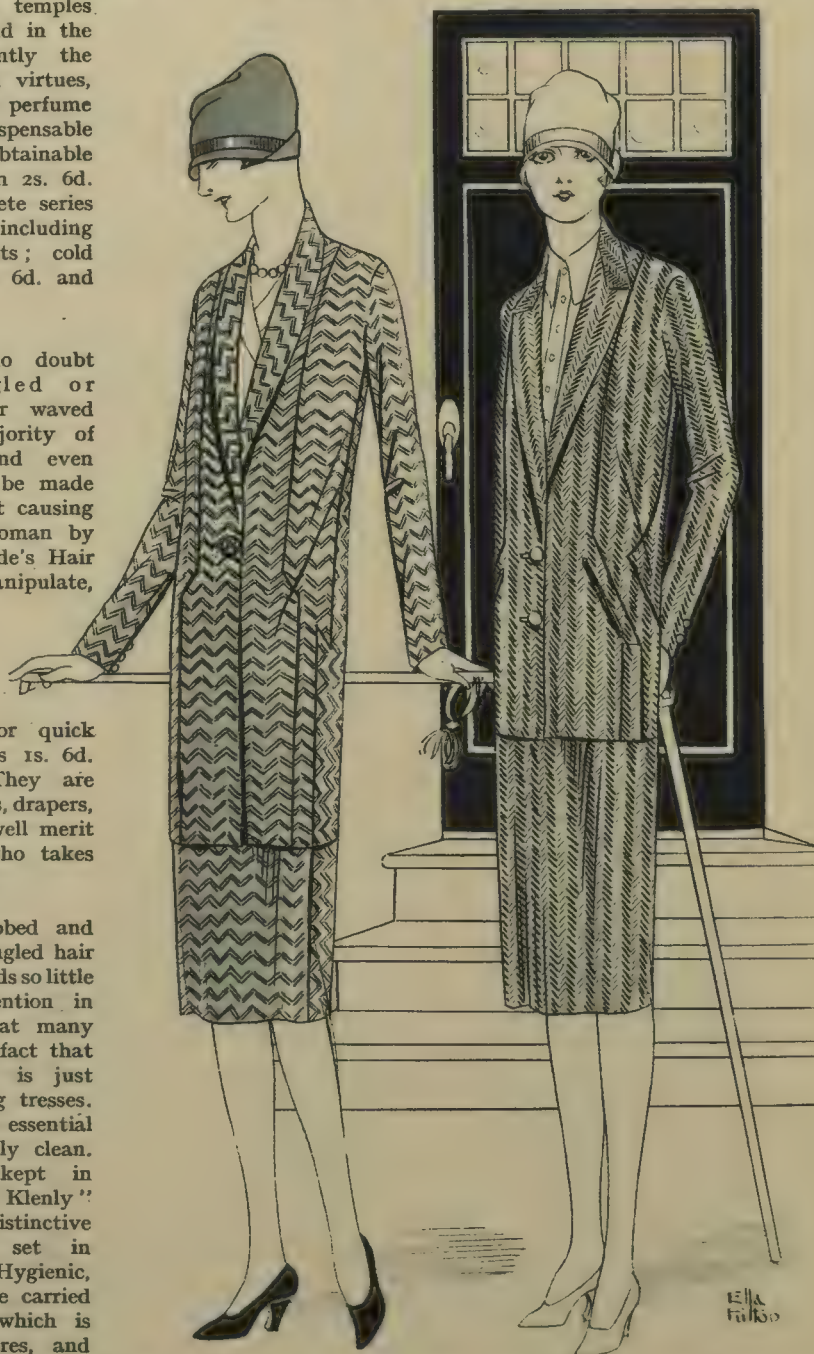
order to look nice that many women are apt to overlook the fact that a thorough brushing every day is just as necessary as it was with long tresses. Even more so, in fact, for it is essential that the scalp itself be perfectly clean. Both head and hair can be kept in perfect condition with Rigby's "Klenly" hair-brush, which has two distinctive features—white "Lily" bristles, set in a white rubber pneumatic cushion. Hygienic, scalp-stimulating brushing can be carried out by this "Klenly" brush, which is obtainable from all chemists, stores, and hairdressers, from 12s. 6d. upwards. Used regularly it has wonderfully beneficial effects on the hair.

A trio of new
spring hats from
Henry Heath, 105,
Oxford Street, W.
On the left is a peri-
winkle-blue felt trim-
med with brushed
felt; on the right a
brown satin model
boasting a mount
of shaded coral
feathers; and below
a captivating beret
of stitched velvet.

Here is a group of
fascinating frivolities
which the astute bargain-
hunter can capture for
very small sums during
this month of sales.

The Beauty of
Ciro Pearls.

Every woman who loves beauty appreciates the famous *Ciro* pearls, which are equal in lustre, shape, and colouring to the finest deep-sea gems. Only a scientific test will distinguish them from the real, and the most subtle lights and shades, even tiny imperfections, are faithfully reproduced. Necklets are obtainable from £1 1s. upwards 16 in. long. A beautifully illustrated brochure has just been issued, and will be sent gratis and post free on request to the *Ciro* Salons at 178, Regent Street, W.



Two perfectly tailored coats and skirts built by H. J. Nicoll, of 114, Regent St., W. The one on the left is carried out in cheviot tweed in russet colourings, and the other in grey Saxony with a bold herring-bone pattern used reverse-ways.



1627

The much beloved 'Piscator'

Not among fishermen only is the memory of Izaak Walton cherished. The gentle, pious, cheerful disposition revealed by *The Compleat Angler* cannot but appeal to every reader, 'brother of the angle' or not. Everybody can delight in the quaint flavour of passages such as the caution about Master Frog: 'use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.'

Was ever 'one-book' man, of literary stature so slight, so secure of immortality?

In 1627, year of the first distilling of John Haig, Izaak was still an ironmonger of Fleet Street, already the ardent devotee but not yet the inspired chronicler of the *Contemplative Man's Recreation*. For the curious there is a parallel to be drawn between the loving, leisurely pains that went to the fashioning and rounding of his masterpiece and the unremitting labours of nearly three centuries that are summed up to-day in John Haig.



By Appointment

John Haig

The Father of all Scotch Whiskies

HATRED BETWEEN PEOPLES.

(Continued from Page 151.)

That is how Gallophobia was born in Italy, and how it has been transmitted from generation to generation by means of literary and political tradition. It was very violent in the time of the generation which saw the fall of Napoleon and in that which followed it; since then it has gradually become attenuated, but it is not yet dead. It even survived the events of 1859 and the alliance of 1915. It may seem a rather capricious manifestation of the need to hate which torments collective humanity; it is in reality the effect of forgotten historical events which has outlived their remembrance.

If it has been possible for this strange situation to last for more than a century between two countries which not only have never made war on each other, but have also twice fought side by side as allies, it is easy to imagine how much more deeply rooted the hatred must be between the peoples in Europe who have found themselves in permanent or periodical conflict during the nineteenth century. But, if these hatreds are more intense, they do not differ in their nature. Peoples are made neither to love nor to hate each other. Like individuals, they are a prey to a certain vanity, which causes them to attribute to themselves a real or chimerical superiority over others. If this conceit can engender antipathy or even hate, that antipathy and hate only provoke wars when political interests supervene, and, by over-exciting, mobilise them. They become dangerous when they are over-excited and mobilised by political interests, for then they sometimes become stronger than the real interests, and from being mere instruments are transformed into causes of war.

European history gives us an outstanding proof of this. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, just as Gallophobia did not exist in Italy, so the other peoples of Europe neither loved nor hated each other. The moral state of Europe resembled that of America to-day, where the spirit of rivalry and antagonism between the peoples exists indeed, but is inoffensive. An Argentine gladly makes fun of a Brazilian, and a Brazilian delights in drawing attention to everything that may hurt or be disagreeable to an Argentine, without anyone having the slightest idea of there being any danger of war in such a spirit. The self-conceit of the nations was even less lively in Europe under the old régime, because the peoples knew each other less, and had very little opportunity of personal contact. There were indeed wars, but it was the Kings and Courts and States who fought one another with their soldiers. The people were mere spectators, and watched the armies fulfilling their duties as professional fighters.

This quiescent condition disappeared with the French Revolution. The great political wars provoked by the struggle between tradition and revolution, liberalism and absolutism, monarchical principles and democratic principles, began. Why did the great dynasties of Europe fight so obstinately against Napoleon? Because they did

not wish to see a powerful dynasty of revolutionary origin replace historic rights by military prestige. Why was Europe able to enjoy peace from 1815 to 1848? Because during those thirty-three years the great and small monarchies of Europe, bound by a solid *entente*, were sure of their power and had no need of military prestige to enable them to govern. Why did wars break out again after 1848? Because the struggle between absolutism and liberalism, between the monarchical principle and the democratic principle, was intensified. Napoleon III. made the Italian war, the Hohenzollerns and Bismarck the wars of 1866 and 1870, partly for reasons of internal politics. The Napoleonic dynasty was weak on account of its revolutionary origin; the Hohenzollerns were at grips with a liberal and bourgeois opposition which was gaining ground and which it was necessary to force back.

But, in order to fight these wars, the States had to mobilise the peoples and their hatreds. The transformation of the military system, imposed on Europe by the French Revolution, is the deep-seated cause of the most important changes which supervened in the social and political life of Europe during the nineteenth century. The over-excitement of national hatreds is also bound up with this great transformation. The peoples did not fight because they hated each other; they hated each other because they had to fight.

The question of peace or war in Europe, therefore, is reduced to-day to the task of discovering whether the great political struggle which we find to have been at the root of all wars of the nineteenth century has arrived at such a point that a disarmament of the national spirit is possible, at least among the stronger peoples of Europe. A decided negative would be a rash answer to this question. There are reasons which admit of a certain optimism.

What was the real cause of the World War? The unlimited competition in armaments. It was impossible to continue indefinitely the increase of armies in monstrous proportions without war breaking out. But how can we explain the unlimited competition of armaments, that new phenomenon in the history of the world, which appeared in Europe after 1870? The deep-seated reason was the need for Germany and the Hohenzollerns of maintaining their military prestige, upon which the whole monarchical system of Continental Europe directly or indirectly rested. With the war of 1870, the political struggle which had troubled Europe since 1848 was everywhere appeased by a compromise. The monarchical block of the Triple Alliance, while allowing France to organise a republic, dominated the rest of Europe. Mixed forms of government were organised in every country (except Russia), in which monarchy and democracy collaborated, monarchy keeping the higher direction of the State. The system was an ingenious one, and assured forty-four years of peace, besides giving really good government to many of the peoples. But it all rested on the military prestige

of the Hohenzollerns, in which all the dynasties were equally interested—the House of Savoy as members of the Triple Alliance, equally with the Romanoffs, allies of France.

At the root of the causes of the World War one still finds, disguised by many different political interests, the great political struggle which has drenched Europe in blood since the end of the eighteenth century, and made enmity among the peoples. But the World War ought at least to have severed that knot. Although monarchies still remain in Europe, there is no longer a monarchical system; and consequently it is no longer necessary to sustain it by the military prestige of a dynasty reputed invincible. Unless Europe should divide itself anew into two hostile camps—red or white dictatorships on the one hand and representative régimes on the other—if at least all the great European States remain governed by republics or monarchies based on universal suffrage and on parliamentary institutions, the peoples ought gradually to realise that the arguments by which they justify their hate against each other are always identical on both sides. Each people is persuaded that it is the lamb and demonstrates that its enemy is the wolf, making use of the same arguments as its enemy to prove that the other side wishes to devour it.

Since the end of the war I have had occasion to talk with a large number of Frenchmen and Germans belonging to the cultivated classes. Few facts in my whole life have made so great an impression on me as the identical nature of the accusations advanced on both sides with the same passion and conviction. The Frenchmen accuse Germany of wishing to conquer the world and annihilate France; the Germans accuse France of being unable to recognise any people in the whole world as their equals, and of wishing to destroy Germany. The French recall 1914, 1870, and 1814; the Germans cite Napoleon and Louis XIV. "We have been invaded three times in one century," say the French. "Being a country without natural frontiers," reply the Germans, "Germany has been terribly ravaged by all the great European crises . . . the Thirty Years War, the wars of the Revolution and of the Empire, for instance . . ."

I have even heard a very cultured German, a man of high intelligence, maintain that Germany has always retreated before France in Europe, "Except the little advance in 1870," he added! More or less the same spirit is to be observed in all the peoples who have been antagonists during the past century in long struggles. Each country remembers only the time when it played the part of the anvil, and entirely forgets those times when it was the hammer.

Would it be possible to persuade the peoples to reverse the order of their recollections and to think not only of the wrongs which they have suffered, but also a little of those they have inflicted on others? That little tribute to truth cannot be beyond the moral forces of the civilised peoples of Europe, and it would suffice to ameliorate considerably the situation throughout the whole Continent, which to-day is still so disturbed.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE year 1926 has been auspiciously begun by the renewal of Sunday afternoon orchestral concerts. For some time now there have been no orchestral concerts in London on Sunday afternoons, and the National Sunday League has apparently chosen the right moment to step into the breach, for at its first and second concerts, on Jan. 3 and 10, at the Palladium, there was not a seat to be had in the house shortly after three o'clock. The League has engaged the services of Sir Landon Ronald and an orchestra of seventy players, and under Sir Landon's guidance we may expect a high standard of performance and programmes of good music.

At the first concert of the series there was an all-Wagner programme, and it is an ironic commentary on the scornful attitude of those contemporaries who sixty years ago ridiculed Wagner's music of the future as music with neither past, present, nor future, that to-day, when concert-givers want to make a good beginning to a series of orchestral concerts, and get a popular audience that will fill the hall to bursting-point, they find that their trump card is an all-Wagner programme. For Wagner is no longer a fashion, no longer the prerogative of the elect: he is simply the most popular of all composers, and it is very doubtful whether he would be pleased—were he alive to-day—with his situation. From having been the most abused, he has become the most adulated of musicians, and even those who can see nothing good in the man grow rhapsodical over the musician. A recent book on Wagner, by Mr. William Wallace, exemplifies this attitude in its most extreme form. For Wagner the man, Mr. Wallace can scarcely find words bad enough.

"Lifted, as we are, beyond the stars by his music," writes Mr. Wallace, "we are shocked by the discovery that the genius who carries us up to the heights was, in his intercourse with mankind and manhood, merely a *chiffonier*." . . .

"What Liszt did for Wagner in good season and

in bad all the world knows. What Wagner did for Liszt we shall never know. He clung to him like a leech. He drained him in musical ideas and in pocket, till Liszt had to plead his poverty: he broke him by his treacherous betrayal of one of his daughters. . . . There remains on record that . . .

Wagner never once did conduct a work of Liszt's. . . . Throughout his life Liszt upheld the maxim that *Noblesse oblige*. For all his genius Wagner never discovered that *Génie oblige*. . . .

"Reckless as to his oath of loyalty, forgetful of those who had given him harbourage, he entangled himself and others in the toil of politics without appreciating their fatal drift. His 'Lohengrin' went to the wall, that wall where he, according to all accounts, should have stood beside his betrayed 'friend' Röckel, if the sentence had been carried out." . . .

"In music he was the greatest that ever lived; would that he had held his tongue and that his ink had run dry!" . . .

"We have seen Wagner in his outward circumstances, self-confident, noisy, ebullient, enthusiastic, combative, with fits of reaction and depression. We have seen him impatient when thwarted, indifferent to the feelings of others; we have seen him not in a very pleasant light in his extravagances, his love of luxury, in his impenitence when money was concerned, in his moral lapses and delinquencies—by no means the sort of person with whom we should care to associate or deal. . . . Against Wagner the man there is no stone in shape or texture that might not be thrown. Against Wagner the supreme artist let all stones be thrown, of which to erect a noble habitation for music, proof to all the winds of time."

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Wallace's is an extraordinary conclusion to come to. He pushes

[Continued overleaf.]



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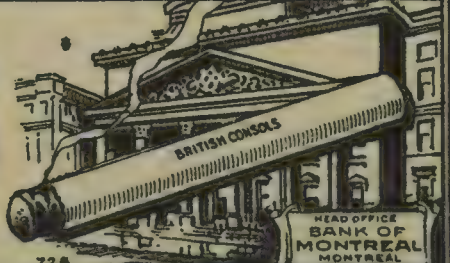
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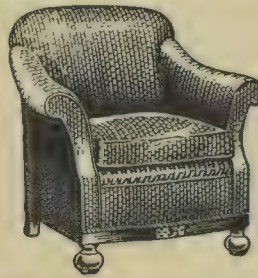
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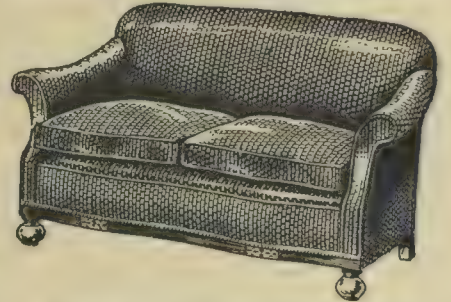
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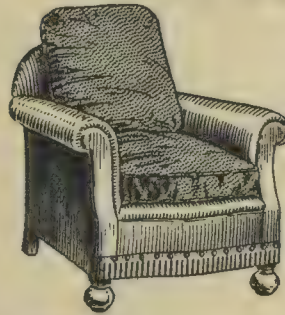
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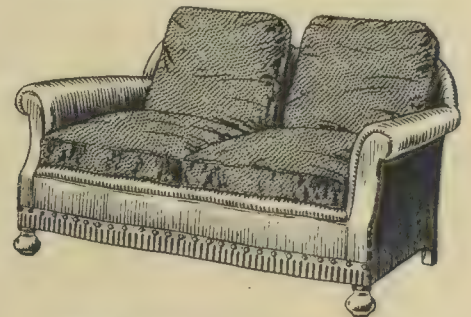
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B.P. B.P.

Continued.

this discrepancy between the man and the musician to an absurdity. And if we read Mr. Wallace closely, we do, in fact, find him giving way to an emotional exaggeration, almost a histrionic exaggeration, which expresses his sense of drama rather than his sense of order and justice. It is, for example, ridiculous

her. It was Cosima who ran off with Wagner, not Wagner who ran off with Cosima. Although by that time Wagner was a man of fifty, and had had several serious love affairs, including the great affair of his life (with Mathilde Wesendonck) he had up to that age avoided running away with anybody and had stuck to his wife Minna. Wagner was not the sort of man to sacrifice himself for love, and, right up to the age of fifty, to have taken on any fresh burdens would probably have crushed him.

But at this age he became dominated by the strongest personality he had as yet come across. From the time he met Cosima he was doomed, for Cosima was not the sort of woman ever to give him up. And no doubt he surrendered willingly, for by that time he had just been rescued from despair by King Ludwig of Bavaria, and could count on a regular allowance from him. But he needed a strong-minded woman of energy and brains as his partner, and she was forthcoming. Mr. Wallace's note of rather sentimental melodrama is out of place. Even more out of place is his use of the word "betrayed" in relation to Röckel and the Dresden revolution. When the revolution, in which Wag-

were in music, not in politics, and in his flight from Dresden he was being true to himself and to his duty, which was to use the power that was in him to the best advantage and for the enrichment of his fellow-men.

The fact is that Mr. Wallace criticises Wagner the man by a conventional standard which Wagner himself would have repudiated, and which is already out of date in civilised circles. The great advance in psychological knowledge made during the last fifty years has taught us that we cannot make these rough-and-ready divisions into good and bad which our grandfathers made. We know that the universe is more coherent and more profoundly ordered than we had ever suspected, and we are not to be convinced by any attempt to separate the artist from the man, whether it is Wagner or anyone else who is in question. The artist and the man are all of a piece; their good and bad qualities are shot through and through one with another, and it is impossible to disentangle them. If Mr. Wallace accepts Wagner the musician he will



RECREATION AT THE REEDHAM ORPHANAGE: A GROUP OF HAPPY LITTLE GIRLS PLAYING CATCH WITH A FOOTBALL.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is to preside on February 23 at the annual dinner of Reedham Orphanage, Purley (of which he is Vice-Patron), in the Guildhall, has given his support to an appeal for £25,000 as a Reserve and Endowment Fund. Reedham Orphanage, founded by Dr. Andrew Reed, has done a great work for the fatherless for the last eighty-one years. It has at present no endowments, but has received thousands of orphans from the age (at entrance) of three months to that of eleven years. As an instance of the readiness of "Reedham," directly after the disaster to Submarine "M.I." the Orphanage offered to receive fourteen children who had lost their fathers in the submarine. The annual cost of each child is under £50, and yet a fine training and a good education are provided. The Committee includes outstanding City men who give time and money to direct the Orphanage. Those who wish to assist this national institution can do so by sending a donation to the Treasurer, Sir Harry Goschen, K.B.E., 12, Austin Friars, E.C.2.

for Mr. Wallace to talk of Wagner's "betrayal" of Cosima Liszt. The word "betrayal" is about as inappropriate a word in the circumstances as could possibly be found. Cosima Liszt—who is still living at Wahnfried, in Bayreuth, let us remember!—was a woman of quite extraordinary force of character, and her father, Liszt, was under no illusions about

her. Wagner was only partly implicated, failed, Wagner escaped by flight; Röckel did not. To say that Wagner was not the stuff of which martyrs are made would be to say the utmost against him, but even that would be unfair. Wagner would not have willingly become a political martyr, because his heart and soul



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have to accept sooner or later Wagner the man, and he will have to accept him in his native nakedness without any whitewashing. W. J. TURNER.



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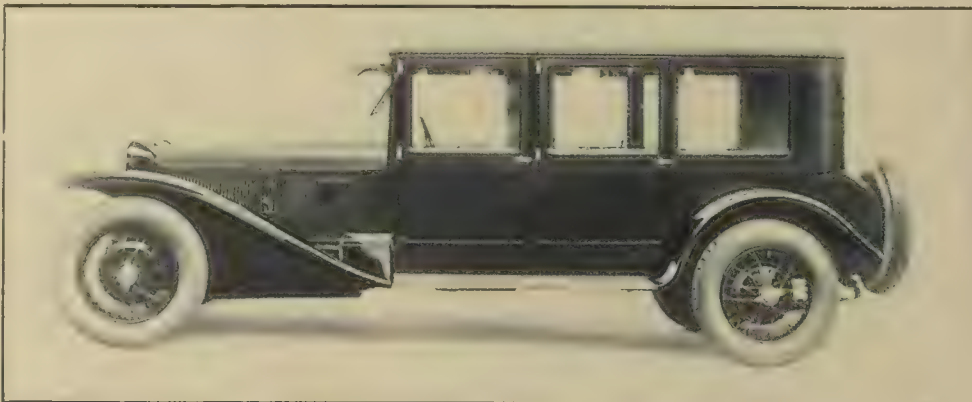
The Tax Situation.

If there is anything in the saying that "There is no smoke without fire," nothing can be more certain than that the current year will see a considerable change made in the present basis of motor taxation. The latest prophecy predicts a reduction in the tax on small cars, very much heavier imposts on the road-destroying types of heavy lorries and wagons, and a luxury tax on the bigger classes of private vehicles. As to the first, such a reduction as is foreshadowed would be only a simple act of justice, and one which is long overdue. A higher tax ratio on the destroyers would also be no more than bare justice. The country is spending large sums of money on new road construction. In other words, the Ministry of Transport is using its best endeavours to render the highways of the country fit to carry the reasonable traffic demanded by modern conditions of transport. As soon as these new roads are in being and opened for traffic, along come the "heavies" and tear it all to pieces, the result being that more huge sums of money have to be expended in making good the damage. One of the first effects of imposing higher taxation would undoubtedly be that designers and users would turn their attention to the evolution of a type of vehicle which would do less road damage, more especially if the basis of taxation were so graded as to impose the heaviest burden on the class of vehicle doing the greatest damage. For example, one effect would certainly be the more general use of pneumatic tyres on motor-omnibuses and lorries up to, say, three tons' carrying capacity. Thus one serious factor in road damage would be greatly mitigated. This is but one example of how a new and scientifically graded tax on the "heavies" would operate.



A TOLL-GATE SURVIVAL WITHIN FIVE MILES OF CHARING CROSS: A WOLSELEY 11-22-H.P. CAR PAYING THE TOLL ON A PRIVATE ROAD BELONGING TO DULWICH COLLEGE.

A toll-gate, where a toll of threepence is exacted from every vehicle passing through, still exists within five miles of Charing Cross, on a private road belonging to Dulwich College. The receipts go towards the upkeep of the road. The full name of the famous school is seen on the sign-board in the photograph—"Alleyne's College of God's Gift."



THE NEW LANCIA "LAMBDA" DE LUXE MODEL: A SIX-SEATER PULLMAN SALOON WITH DETACHABLE HEAD.

As to a luxury tax on the larger classes of private vehicles, I think this ought to be opposed by all and every means. After all, what is the owner of, say, a Rolls-Royce paying now but a luxury tax? There is the further serious objection that any such tax would inevitably hit unjustly a great many car owners who really do not keep their cars as luxuries, but as a matter of sheer necessity. Keep the tax as it is in the case of the bigger cars, if you like; but there certainly should be nothing in the shape of an increase in a tax which is even now much too high in relation to the road damage caused by the vehicle concerned.

The Rolls-Royce "Phantom."

Some few months ago, Messrs. Rolls-Royce introduced a new car which ultimately will take the place of the 40-50-h.p. type upon which the high reputation of this famous firm has been built. There are many improvements and modifications of the old chassis embodied in this new one, the most essential being that the engine is of the overhead-valve type, as is the 20-h.p. engine which was introduced rather more than two years ago. Although the new "Phantom," as it is called, was exhibited at the last Motor Show,

it was not until the other day that I had an opportunity of trying it on the road. Unfortunately, time and circumstances did not permit of the extended experience of this really wonderful car which I should have liked, but one has to be content with the small mercies vouchsafed by the motoring gods—if any there be. So all I was able to do was to take the car over the Surrey hills and through the lanes to test its hill-climbing capabilities and "manoeuvrability," with a fair number of speed bursts on the main roads. I have called this new Rolls-Royce a wonderful car, but this does not really do justice to its all-round excellence. Good as was the

(Continued overleaf.)



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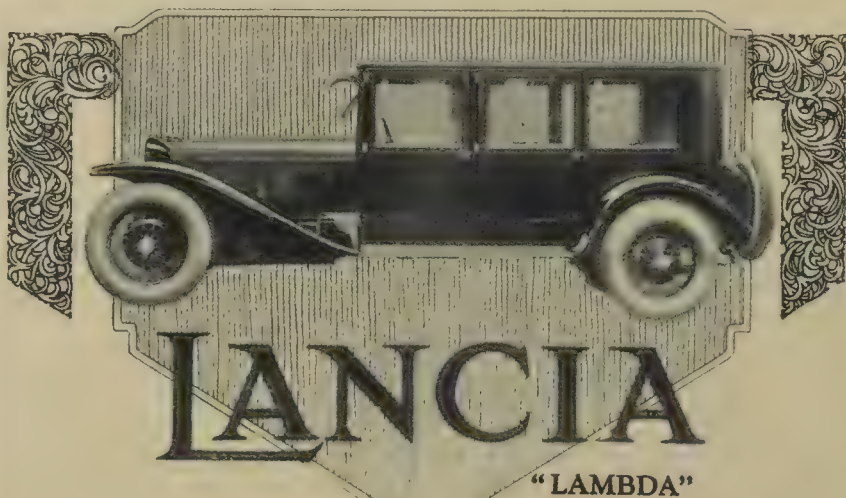
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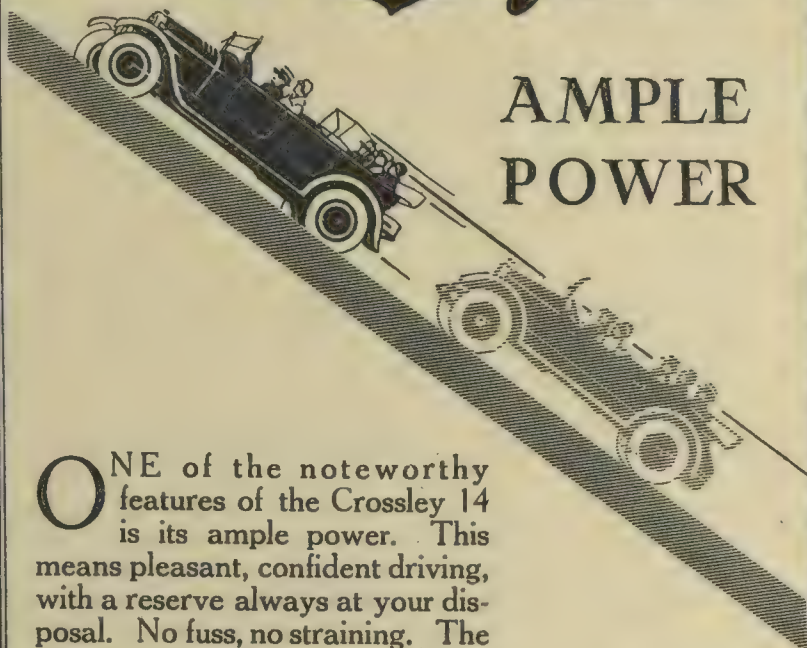
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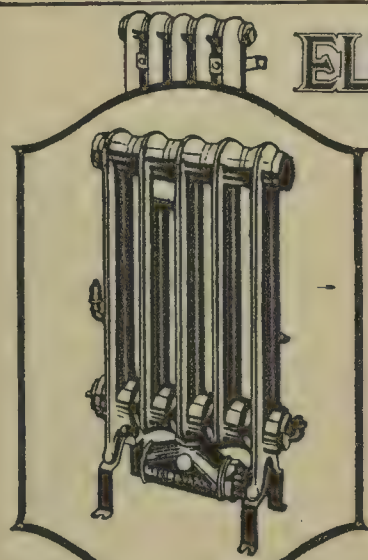
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(Continued.)

older "Silver Ghost" type, this "Phantom" is indeed a super-car. If anything, it is quieter and more flexible than its predecessor. It has lost nothing at all on the old car and has gained a lot. It is much faster. Eighty miles an hour is well within its compass. Yet it will run evenly, sweetly, and without the slightest sense of jerky progression at well below ordinary walking pace. It ignores hills altogether, and one is given to wonder why the designers have incorporated so apparently superfluous an item as a gear-box. Of course, that is quite necessary, and I am only speaking of impressions. The great feature of the car is the brakes, which are a revelation of efficiency and smoothness. You can brake hard at seventy miles an hour, and the car does not move an inch out of the straight line of progression, while the deceleration is simply marvellous. There is no sensation of being pitched over the screen, but the car pulls up in an almost unbelievably short distance. I have never driven with such brakes in all my experience. Indeed, I can find nothing to criticise adversely in a car which, in my sober judgment, is by far the best I have yet had anything to do with on the road.

Motoring Fines. According to the report of the Auditor General, during the twelve months covered by that document the fines levied on motorists amounted in round figures to £100,000. He expresses himself as not being satisfied with the manner in which sums received on this account are dealt with by the petty sessional courts concerned. Probably he has good grounds for his dissatisfaction. I know that a great many motorists will agree with his criticisms.

Unbranded Petrol.

There seems to be a lot of discussion in the motoring Press about unbranded petrol. Many people come to the hustings on behalf of the spirit which bears no name, while others will have none of it, and condemn it as being not worth putting into the

the car when using it and when the tank had been filled with petrol of the most irreproachable pedigree. There is this to be said, however, in favour of the branded spirit—that you do know what you are getting, and that you have behind it the name of a concern, no matter which one of the great companies is involved, to which goodwill and the reputation for selling the best is everything. In the other case, you know nothing of its origin. It may be excellent spirit (to be just, it generally is), but, on the other hand, it may be the veriest rubbish. After all, why do we buy branded goods at all? They are generally a little higher in price than the "just as good," but we think the slight extra cost is well worth while, because of the guarantee carried by the brand.



A LUXURY LINER ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE "OTRANTO."

The "Otranto," of the Orient Line, has remarkably fine public rooms and luxurious cabin accommodation, but a specially noticeable feature is the vast areas of deck space available for recreation and exercise. She is planned to carry two classes of passengers only—first and third. On her return from Australia, she will make pleasure cruises to the Mediterranean, and (from June to August) fortnightly cruises to the Fjords of Norway and to the Northern Capitals. During these cruises over 80 per cent. of her cabins will be single-berth rooms.

fuel-tank. As usual, the real truth lies between the extremes. I have myself used quite a lot of unbranded petrol, and, except in one case, in which my experience was more than unfortunate, it has been very good petrol indeed. In fact, I have been quite unable to detect the slightest difference in the running of

be accomplished. I was among those who saw Major Court-Treant away on this great adventure. In another couple of months at most I hope to be among those who will assemble to congratulate him, his party, and the Crossley Company on an amazing feat of endurance.

W. W.

The Cape to Cairo Expedition.

The Cape to Cairo Expedition, under Major Court-Treant, which is adventuring the journey by the aid of Crossley cars, is now on the last lap. Nothing but the Sudan to cross, and the expedition has achieved the years-old ambition of almost every pioneer motorist. Of course, it is not all plain sailing even now, for there are still difficulties to be encountered and bad country to be traversed—but there seems every reason to think that at last the conquest of this lone "End-to-end" will

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Above the Town.

Excellent English Family Hotel.
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Full South.

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Modern and very comfortable.
Suites Self-contained.

Orient & Angleterre.

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Spacious. One of Mentone's Finest Hotels.
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Open all the year.

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Entirely Renovated. Every Room has Run-
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Restaurant. Tennis. Garage.

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Adjoining Public Gardens through great
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Close to Casino. Entirely renovated. Full
South. Spacious. Modern Renowned
Cuisine. Tennis. Terms Moderate.

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This famous English Hotel, greatly enlarged
in 1924, has now 200 South Rooms. 75
Baths. Noted Cuisine. Large, Sunny Garden.

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Well-known Family Hotel. Entirely Ren-
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M. Proprietor: G. de Smet.

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Quite Central.

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So we can guarantee the Rolls blade to shave you perfectly. We guarantee it in writing. We guarantee it for five years.

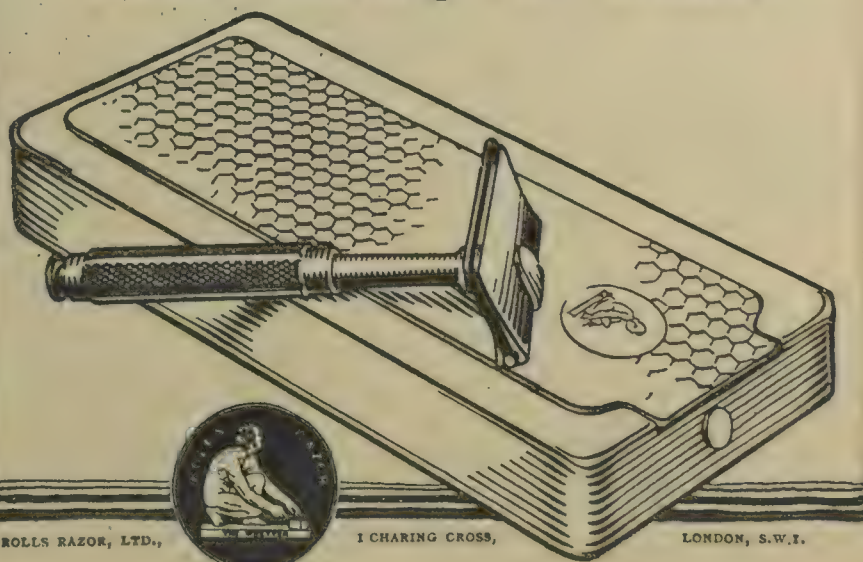
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in engraved silver-plated case,
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Costs nothing for blades



"ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS,"

PRODUCED BY THE GREEK PLAY SOCIETY.

THE New Scala, with its big stage, was well chosen for the presentation of the classic tragedy; and, though the setting lay beyond the proscenium arch, it built itself into the sweep of the theatre. There it stood exposed as we took our seats, its simple arrangement of columns and steps providing a natural background for these masked actors on their stilt-like "cothurni" and the Chorus that grouped and danced on a lower plane. Mr. Hubert Hine's design was effectively and harmoniously conceived. The wailing monotonous of the pipe, rising and falling in rhythmic concord with the language, flung its spell across the ages, recapturing enough of the antique spirit to keep the play serenely impressive. Mr. Philip Cathie's music played no small part in the re-creation of the atmosphere.

With such a setting this Sophoclean tragedy could hardly fail to stir the imagination and command our interest. The balance, the poise, the splendour of the phrase, the logical development of the tragic motif, the irony, the strophe and antistrophe of the Chorus, united to create an impression of cold beauty. Cold, because Time's impassable gulf prevents this complex age ever accepting the simple conceptions of Fate which lie behind Athenian drama.

Only through the eloquent modulations of the voice and by the expressive poses can the acting be appraised, but in these virtues the players excelled. All

the dismay and horror of the moment were conveyed by an attitude of Jocasta, for Mr. Ronald Nicholson's acting of the part was finely done. The Œdipus of Mr. H. A. Saintsbury was always full of tragic import, and, up to the culminating *dénouement*, of compelling power. The Creon of Mr. Wilfrid Walter was less satisfactory, doubtless due to the handicaps of the mask. Good work was done by Mr. Frank

Vosper as Teiresias, Mr. Henry Cohen as the herdsman, and Mr. Tristan Rawson as a Priest of Zeus; and special praise is due to Mr. Austin Trevor as Leader of the Chorus.

How far the experiment of masking the Chorus was justified is debatable, for the choric *ensembles* and movements were often grotesque and sometimes discordant. The danger of crossing the border-line between the lofty and the ludicrous was too perilously near not to be disturbing. The Greek Play Society brought scholarly care and unsparing effort to their opening production, and every credit must go to Mr. Robert Atkins, who gave this great play so interesting and worthy a presentation. J. T. G.

One of the most delightful social and sporting gatherings of the New Year will undoubtedly be the Northern Games of 1926, to be held at Stockholm from Saturday, Feb. 6, to Sunday, Feb. 14, inclusive. The Northern Games are held every four years, and on this occasion will doubtless provide an exceptionally attractive holiday for many people who desire a complete change from the usual run of Continental resorts. A full programme of competitive and recreative events has been arranged, including curling, jumping on horseback, skating, field shooting, skate sailing, ice yachting, and military sports. The Swedish Travel Bureau, 21, Coventry Street, London, W.1, can offer excellent facilities to those desiring to attend the Northern Games, either as competitors or spectators, and full details may be obtained there.



A MYSTERIOUS SUBSIDENCE IN OLD RICHMOND BRIDGE CAUSED BY A BARGE COLLIDING WITH ONE OF THE PIERS: THE HALF-SUNK BARGE (LEFT) AND A LIGHTER (RIGHT) WITH LIFTING TACKLE.

Engineers were mystified by a subsidence in the roadway of the old bridge over the Thames at Richmond, after a barge had collided with and damaged the supports of the central and largest arch. Although about twenty stones, each weighing from 5 cwt. to 2 tons each, were damaged, and will have to be replaced in the abutments, an examination from beneath the bridge did not disclose any sign of damage to the arches. The surface of the roadway above, however, had sunk about 4 inches for a length of 6 feet. The colliding barge, which was being towed by a tug, broke into halves, and one part sank.

Photograph by Topical.



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Some of the most rapidly successful results achieved by Benger's Food have been with infants of three months or less, when breast milk or other food has failed to nourish baby sufficiently.

At weaning time Benger's is best for transition from the breast to ordinary food. It safely and gradually trains the infantile digestion to deal with cows' milk and the *starchy elements* of food as found in bread, potatoes, etc. Benger's may be so prepared to suit baby at all stages of growth.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

WISDEN tennis balls have been selected for exclusive use in both the Western and Southern Indian tournaments. Indian players have frequently testified to the remarkable manner in which Wisden balls retain consistent inflation in that country; and it will be remembered that in another difficult climate—South Africa—Wisden balls are also being used for forthcoming tournaments throughout the Western Provinces.

J. C. Vickery, the well-known jeweller, dressing-case maker, etc., of 177-183, Regent Street, is removing on Feb. 6 next to new and modern premises at 145-147, Regent Street, a little below his present address.

"Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" is one of the most famous of works of reference, and sees its centenary this year. It is not to make its appearance for 1926 until the end of the month, as by this arrangement the New Year's Honours can be included and the book be brought absolutely up to date. This is an admirable innovation.

Comparatively few people realise how excellent weather and snow conditions are in February in

Switzerland. There is generally brilliant sunny weather, with an occasional fall of snow to delight the hearts of the ski-ers; and few who have not experienced it realise the warmth of a February sun at an altitude of over 4000 feet. Special arrangements are being made this season at Mürren for the funicular railways to be kept running well into March.

"The Writers and Artists' Year Book" has just made its appearance for 1926, and is one of the most useful books imaginable for the writer, musical composer, or illustrator. It contains a full list of all British and American periodicals, together with their requirements; a list of editors, publishers, and literary agents; as well as admirable articles giving advice in such subjects as dramatic rights, book rights, copyright, broadcasting, etc. It is a splendid 3s. 6d. worth of information.

"The Gourmet's Diary," a very neat little compilation, has been issued for the fifth year in succession, and was given to patrons of the Trocadero Restaurant on New Year's Eve. In addition to the information usual in a pocket diary, there are quotations from the works of well-known writers for every day of the year, all dealing with food and drink. Some of the extracts are peculiarly apt. For instance, for July 4—American Independence Day—we have William

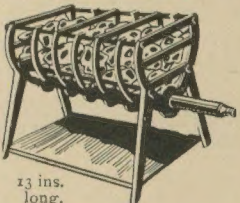
Cowper's "Curst with prohibition and perpetual thirst"!

The sole rights of recording music in the Royal Albert Hall have been acquired by His Master's Voice Gramophone Company for a period of years. The first fruit of the arrangement is a record of "Worthy is the Lamb" and "Lift Up Your Heads," made by the Royal Choral Society, with whom it is a tradition to give a rendering of "The Messiah" each New Year. The record was made in presence of the audience at this year's public performance, and the massed effect of the eight hundred voices, the great organ, and the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra of eighty musicians has been successfully received.

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